

No. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1887.

THE

Manchester Quarterly

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE AND ART.



Contents :

	PAGE.
I.—Recent Work on Wordsworth. By JOHN H. NODAL.....	297
II.—Wordsworth in London. By WILLIAM E. A. AXON	310
III.—Wordsworth on Beggars. By JOHN MORTIMER	314
IV.—Reminiscences of a Trip to the East. By WILLIAM ARTINGSTALL, R.C.A. With Illustrations.....	324
V.—Lake Leman and English Literature. By CHAS. T. TALLENT- BATEMAN. With Map.....	336
VI.—Death, the Liberator. By JAMES BERTRAM OLDHAM	428

PUBLISHED FOR

THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB

BY

JOHN HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

TRÜBNER AND CO. LONDON.

Price One Shilling.

All Rights Reserved.

MANCHESTER QUARTERLY ADVERTISER.

OCTOBER, 1887.

NOTICE.—Communications intended for the Editor may be addressed to **MR. AXON, Fern Bank, Higher Broughton,**
Business letters, orders, &c., should be sent to the publisher, **MR. JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester; and 11, Paternoster Buildings, London.**



Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new Process. A Sixpenny Assorted Sample Box for 7 Stamps, from **C. BRANDAUER & CO.'s Pen Works, BRAMISLOW.**
N.B.—C. BRANDAUER & Co. are also manufacturers of J pens, School Pens, turned-up points, turned-down points, curved, square, and slanting nibbed, and every other description of Steel Pens.

Manchester Literary Club.

FOUNDED 1862.

THE objects of the MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB are:—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the art, literature, and history of the County.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

The methods by which these objects are sought to be attained are:—

1. The holding of weekly meetings, from October to April, for social intercourse, and for the hearing and discussion of papers relating to the various sections of Literature and Art.
2. The publication of such papers, at length or abridged; and of other works undertaken at the instance of the Club.

Membership of the Club is limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions, university graduates, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

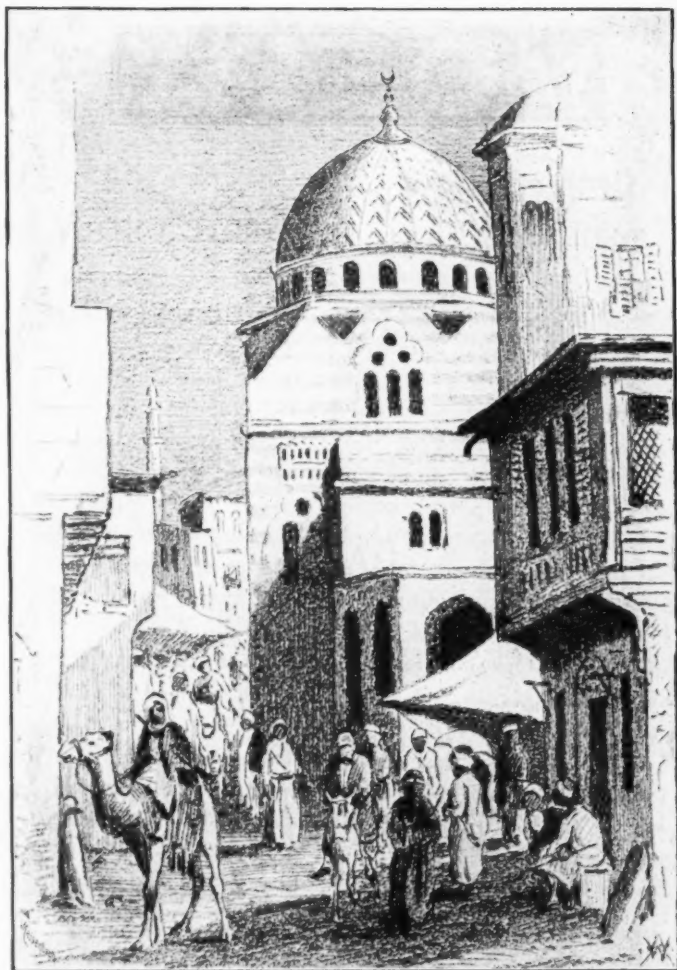
W. R. CREDLAND, Hon. Secretary,
Fern Bank, Higher Broughton.

The following, amongst other subjects, will be brought before the Meetings, which are held at the Grand Hotel, Aytoun Street, Manchester:—

- Oct. 3.—**CONVERSAZIONE.** Exhibition of Pictures and Sketches by Artist Members of the Club. Music and Readings.
- Oct. 10.—**MR. JOHN MITCHELL:** "The Literary Club's Excursion to Whitewell." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. W. E. A. AXON: "Berber Folk Tales." (Paper.)
- Oct. 17.—**MR. C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN:** "Cooksbury, Waverley, and Caldecott's Last Home: a Summer Rumble." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. W. R. CREDLAND: "A Farm in the Fens." (Paper.)
- Oct. 24.—**REVIEW NIGHT.** For this evening Members are requested to offer Short Reviews of Books, Original Tales, Sonnets, Poems, or Sketches.
- Oct. 31.—**MR. J. OSCAR PARKER:** "The Legend of Dalbarn: a Poem." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. HARRY THORNER: "The Later Work of George Cruikshank." (Paper.)
- Nov. 7.—**MR. CHARLES HARDWICK:** "On the Meaning of the Word 'Etchells.'" (Short Communication.)
- Mr. C. E. TYRER: "Switzerland in May." (Paper.)
- Nov. 14.—**MR. W. I. WILD:** "My Kingdom." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. H. B. HIDE: "Trees and Flowers in Manchester." (Paper.)
- Nov. 21.—**MUSICAL NIGHT.**
- Nov. 28.—**MR. GEO. MILNER:** "A Neglected Poet—Thomas Ashe." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. WALTER TOMLINSON: "Sydney Smith's Homes: an Artistic Pilgrimage." (Paper.)
- Dec. 5.—**MR. THOMAS KAY:** "Ions and Staffa: a Contrast." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. JOHN ANGELL: "On Public School, Competitive, and other Examinations, more especially in relation to Cram." (Paper.)
- Dec. 12.—**MR. ROBERT LANGTON:** "A Suggested New Reading of Shakspeare's Sonnet, No. 115." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD: "Ethnogeny of the Gauls." (Short Communication.)
- Mr. W. J. SINCLAIR: "The Ettrick Sheph rd." (Paper.)
- Dec. 19.—**CHRISTMAS SUPPER.**

The Minutes will be read at Seven o'clock. From Seven to Eight o'clock will be occupied by the Reception of Short Communications and Notes, and by General Conversation. At Eight o'clock prompt the Paper or other business of the evening, as set down in the Syllabus, will be proceeded with.

Each Member may introduce a friend to the Meetings, whose name should be communicated to the President or Honorary Secretary.



A STREET IN CAIRO.



RECENT WORK ON WORDSWORTH.

BY JOHN H. NODAL.

THE career and position of Wordsworth are in many respects unique. Fame and influence came to him more slowly than to any great poet in the history of English literature. Of the seven authors whose genius illumined the first quarter of the present century—Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Byron, Shelley, and Keats*—all of whom were born within the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, Wordsworth was the oldest, and he survived them all. But whilst contemporaries early attained to a considerable, and two of them—Byron and Scott—to an extraordinary reputation, Wordsworth's successive publications, beginning with "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches in Verse," both issued in 1793, only won their way by painful degrees. It is true that four editions of the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared from 1798 to 1805, but in these he had the co-operation of Coleridge, and the number printed of each is believed not to have exceeded five hundred. Of the first edition, its publisher, Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, wrote, "The sale was so slow, and

* Cowper	1731-1800.
Burns	1759-1796.
Wordsworth	1770-1850.
Walter Scott	1771-1834.
Coleridge	1772-1834.

Charles Lamb	1775-1834.
Byron	1778-1824.
Shelley	1792-1822.
Keats	1795-1821.

THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. No. XXIV.—OCTOBER, 1887.

the severity of most of the reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed to be certain. I parted with the largest portion of the five hundred [copies], at a loss, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller." It took six years—from 1814 to 1820—to sell the first edition of "The Excursion," consisting of only five hundred copies; and a second edition of the same number sufficed for the next seven years. Wordsworth had reached the age of fifty-seven before the first collected edition of his Poems was published. This was in 1827, and it is somewhat curious to reflect, now, that within two years of this time, Alfred Tennyson, who was forty years the junior of Wordsworth, had put forth his first volume in collaboration with his brother. Five other collected editions of the poems (1832, 1837, 1843, 1845, and 1850), and three more editions of "The Excursion" (1836, 1844, and 1847,) appeared during Wordsworth's life-time, together with ten smaller pieces like "Peter Bell," "The Duddon Sonnets," "Yarrow Revisited," and "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent." This may appear at the first sight no inconsiderable record, but a more accurate conception of the case may be gathered from the fact that Wordsworth only reaped an insignificant pecuniary reward. Contrasted with the lavish sums received for their poems by Scott and Byron, the result is strangely suggestive. Writing late in life to his friend Archdeacon Wrangham, Wordsworth said, "The whole of my returns, I do not say net profits, but returns from the writing trade, do not amount to seven-score pounds. I have laboured hard through a long life without more pecuniary emolument than a lawyer gets for two special retainers, or a public performer sometimes for two or three songs." And Mr. Matthew Arnold says he had "heard him declare that, for he knew not for how many years, his poetry had never brought him enough to buy his shoe-strings."

The sentence just quoted is from Mr. Arnold's Preface to his *Selections from Wordsworth's Poems*. It was written in 1879, nearly thirty years after the poet's death. The greatest of our critics there records his conviction that Wordsworth's popularity and influence are, if anything, still on the decline, an opinion from which I humbly venture to differ, even having regard to the date when it was pronounced. Mr. Arnold cites Lord Macaulay as saying, just after Wordsworth's death in 1850, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that "ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country." Mr. Arnold goes on to remark that after Mr. Tennyson's "decisive appearance," in 1842, "he drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new generation. Even in 1850, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay. The diminution has continued. . . . On the Continent he is almost unknown. Upon the premises thus laid down, Mr. Arnold proceeds, his fine criticism, to consider the reasons why Wordsworth, "whose poetical performance is, after that of Shakspeare and Milton, the most considerable in our language," is still denied wide recognition; and to answer the questions, "whether there are not, in the case of Wordsworth, certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable." Into that enquiry it would be premature at present to follow him.

Whatever the position of affairs may have been when Mr. Arnold wrote, it is beyond question that there has been a remarkable accession to the ranks of Wordsworth's readers during the last eight or nine years. No better

evidence of this is needed than the very large addition that has been made to the Wordsworth literature, a goodly proportion of which is in a cheap and popular form, and depends, of course, for a return on the outlay, upon a large sale. In the foregoing remarks it will be observed that I have considered the subject from the point of view of the popularity of Wordsworth amongst the general body of readers. The influence of a great author may, nevertheless, be deep and far-reaching, and such is pre-eminently the case with Wordsworth. No poet of this century has had a larger number of devoted and earnest disciples amongst the men of genius and of culture; and through these the spirit and teaching of Wordsworth have been carried into the homes of the people, have helped to fashion much of our legislation, and have interpenetrated the thought of the century. It is a singular and suggestive fact that more of Wordsworth's poetic coinages have floated into the popular speech, and become part of the common possession, than any other English writer, Shakspeare alone excepted.

A survey of the recent work on Wordsworth is naturally divisible into two heads, the bibliographical and the critical. The bibliographical section would have reference mainly to the latest presentations of the text; and the critical portion to the books, essays, commentaries, and other illustrative and elucidatory publications. The literature of the subject is large, and, for the present, I must confine myself to the first division, reserving the second to another opportunity.

Thanks to the enthusiasm and industry of Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews University, and with the aid of the Wordsworth Society, whose mainstay he has been, we have at last a complete collected edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works. Wordsworth had ideas of

his own about the arrangement of his poems, and he held to them tenaciously in the face of every remonstrance or suggestion. He insisted upon classifying them upon an arbitrary principle, having no reference to class of subject or associative connection or continuity, but solely to what he considered to be the dominant faculty of mind which had been predominant in the composition of each. Thus we have Poems of Sentiment, of Imagination, of Reflection. For the student a chronological arrangement of any great poet's works is undoubtedly the right historic as well as artistic method. This we possess for the first time in Professor Knight's eight volumes. Fortunately the materials are ample, though not absolutely perfect. Wordsworth dated most of his pieces; he supplied chronological lists in the editions of 1815 and 1820, and Miss Fenwick's notes supply many particulars. Mr. Knight, again, has been able to avail himself of Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere journals for the years 1801, 1802, and 1803—an important and fruitful period. Next, the new collection is what used to be called a *variorum* edition—a term applied also in our own day by Mr. Howard Furness to his magnificent series of Shakspeare's plays. Professor Knight prints as his text the final text of Wordsworth—that of 1849-50. Then, as foot-notes, all the successive alterations made by the poet are given. He was always altering and re-touching, re-forming lines and changing words, rarely adding anything, but not infrequently omitting. Slight apparently as some of the changes are, they occasionally amount to a variation in the feeling of the passage. The citation of a few examples will serve to show the interesting nature of many of these revisions.

Take, first, the three poems on Burns. They were all composed after visiting the grave of Burns in 1803. One, addressed to the sons of Burns, appeared in 1807; the

other two—"At the Grave of Burns seven years after his Death," and "Thoughts suggested on the Banks of the Nith, near the Poet's Residence,"—were not made public till 1842. Why they were so long withheld is not known. The sixth stanza of the poem "At the Grave of Burns," as printed in 1842, read as follows—

Well might I mourn that He was gone,
Whose light I hailed when first it shone;
When, breaking forth as Nature's own,
It showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

In the last edition published during Wordsworth's lifetime, that of 1849-50, the stanza stands—

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

It will be observed that a touch of deep personal feeling is introduced into the later version. Well might he mourn, he says in his first; but in the second, whilst he mourned along with thousands, he was more "deeply grieved" than they. It is the emotional tribute of his declining years to a kindred genius from one who, if not inspired, was greatly heartened and encouraged by the splendid example of the Scottish singer in his adherence to a poetic creed similar to his own.

Another illustration of the same kind of change has been pointed out by Mr. Richard H. Hutton in his essay on *Wordsworth's Two Styles*, contributed to the Wordsworth Society. In "The Fountain," the poet remonstrates with the schoolmaster, whom he calls Matthew, for speaking of himself as unloved in his old age. Matthew says:—

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

The poet answers:—

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;
And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee."
At this he grasped *his* hands, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

In the later edition, Wordsworth altered this to—

At this he grasped *my* hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

Now this is an extremely slight and, apparently, a wholly unimportant change. Mr. Hutton says: "The earlier reading looks like hard fact, and no doubt sounds a little rough and abrupt. But I feel pretty sure, not only that the earlier version expressed the truth as it was present to Wordsworth's inner eye when he wrote the poem, but that it agreed better with the mood of those earlier years, when the old man's wringing of his own hand, in a sort of passion of protest against the notion that any one could take the place of his lost child, would have seemed much more natural and dignified to Wordsworth, than the mere kindly expression of grateful feeling for which he subsequently exchanged it." If Mr. Hutton has rightly interpreted the animating motive of the alteration, it is, to my thinking, an illustration of the fact that Wordsworth sometimes altered for the worse, as the stanza from the poem on Burns shows that he often altered for the better. The sixth stanza of this same poem of "The Fountain" contains a striking instance of improvement. The foot-note to the sixth stanza—

No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears:
How merrily it goes!
"Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows—

gives no fewer than four earlier versions, no one of which is at all comparable in simplicity and beauty to the one finally chosen.

The second verse in the poem "To the Cuckoo," underwent five changes before it reached its final form, and a comparison of the series is particularly interesting.

The first version (1807) was :—

While I am lying on the grass,
I hear thy restless shout :
From hill to hill it seems to pass
About, and all about.

The second (1815)—

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !—
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

The third (1820)—

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear !—
It seems to fill the whole air's space,
At once far off and near.

In the fourth version (1827) we first have the "two-fold shout"—an immense improvement on the "restless shout," and the "loud note" :—

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

The fifth version (1832) restores the third line of 1820, with the substitution only of "that" for "it" :—

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

Then, in 1845, we have the third line of 1807, 1815, and 1827 restored, and the stanza finally remains :—

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

After this series of citations, who will say that there is not "a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know?"

Passing to the subject of omissions, the verses which Wordsworth put aside in the course of his revision would furnish interesting material for comment. Some of them are unaccountable. We can all comprehend, perhaps, without sympathising with the reason, why the famous verse in "Peter Bell," almost the only humorous touch in the entire range of his poems, was left out of every edition after that of 1819—that is, the separate and first publication:—

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all damned.

But why should the Poet have consigned to oblivion the lovely second stanza of the lines "To a Skylark," the poem of 1825?

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring Warbler! that love-prompted strain,
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Fortunately for us, those who quote the poem, as Mr. Matthew Arnold does in his *Selections*, retain the verse which Wordsworth in his old age rejected. Another unexplainable omission was made in the lines on "Louisa," a poem which is otherwise but an indifferent example of the poet's work. The verse omitted is much better than any of the three that have been allowed to remain. It is as follows:—

And she hath smiles to earth unknown;
Smiles, that with motion of their own
Do spread, and sink, and rise;
That come and go with endless play,
And ever, as they pass away,
Are hidden in her eyes.

Attractive as such points and literary minutiae are to the students of Wordsworth, they and a much wider circle will be still more grateful to Professor Knight for his abundant annotations, almost all of them of the very highest authentic value. Dorothy Wordsworth's journals are laid under contribution; and Wordsworth's own notes to a large number of the poems, as presented to us by Miss Fenwick and otherwise, are here set down in the very place where we could wish to read them. The information about the places and persons connected with the poems—as, for example, in the account of the Yarrow country, the descriptive passages illustrative of the Lake District allusions, and notes on the early residences and haunts of Coleridge and Wordsworth in Somersetshire—will be found to intensify the reader's appreciation of the accompanying poems. Of material of another kind, may be cited Wordsworth's remarkable letter to Walter Savage Landor on "Laodamia," and Mr. Heard's interesting notes on that poem and "Dion." Again, Dorothy Wordsworth's narrative of conversations with the people of Rob Roy's country shows how it was that her brother came to

Chant a passing stave
In honour of that Hero brave,

and to take the view he did of Rob Roy's character. Even that astoundingly absurd and unforgettable invocation—

Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled his land—

is almost forgiven when we read what Professor Knight has been enabled to ascertain and to tell us about Wilkinson, a singularly fine, simple, genuine, and able man, for whom Wordsworth had a great regard, and with whom he maintained a close friendship.

Professor Knight's edition of the works is in eight volumes, and another volume has yet to be issued, containing the biography. It is essentially and strictly an edition for the student. Now that we have this invaluable body

of material in hand, it is to be hoped that a fairly large selection will be made for popular use—omitting the variorum readings, but including the introductory and editorial notes, and the critical comments, and, so far as Wordsworth's poems are concerned, choosing only those on which, in the opinion of the best judges, his permanent fame and enduring influence will rest. If the Wordsworth Society's proposed volume or volumes of selections takes this shape it will be well. Some twelve or twenty members will take part in this undertaking, and Mr. Robert Browning has consented to lead the way and begin the work. A representative and, one may almost call it, a final collection by a group of men whom all could trust, would be an invaluable service rendered to letters. As Mr. Matthew Arnold said in the Preface to his own volume of *Selections*, "To exhibit the body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best, not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power."

At the risk of anticipating what would more properly belong to the second portion of my subject, I cannot resist the pleasure of calling attention to a suggestive comparison and parallel which has been recently drawn between Wordsworth and Turner, by Mr. Harry Goodwin, the water-colour painter. The lives of the poet and the artist ran almost side by side throughout. Wordsworth was born in 1770 and died in 1850; Turner was born in 1775, and died in 1851. Both were great wanderers and open air men. Both were subjected for a long period to severe public criticism and disapproval, but neither lowered or varied

their ideals to meet the views of their critics. The work of each was marked by a greater love of Nature, and a return to more simplicity, than was characteristic of the period of severe conventionality in which they worked. Landscape painting received as great an impetus from Turner as poetry did from Wordsworth. Both sought after new methods, fresh truths of Nature, rarely hesitating to use the most homely incidents to illustrate their themes. These they planted in the foreground of exquisite landscapes; the beauty elevates and sustains the common-place. "Take, for instance, Turner's *Churchyard in Kirkby Lonsdale*, in which picture one might have expected an incident given in the spirit of Young or Cowley, had it been painted by one of Turner's contemporaries. But the great master quietly ignores all the unities, and paints probably exactly what he saw—namely, a number of boys, who have left their school-books among the graves, have set up a mark on one of the tombs, and are throwing at it, in all the abandonment of boyish mischief. Over their heads the loveliest trees wave in the tender blue. Far away the river winds, and loses itself in the mystery of the folded hills. Without this exquisite beauty of landscape, the picture would remind us more of the poetry of Crabbe than of Wordsworth; but the beauty elevates and sustains the common-place, as the poetry of Wordsworth often surrounds a seemingly trivial subject with pure and noble ideas. At the time it was painted it was as daring an innovation as the poem "We are Seven" could have been. Painter and poet alike seem to have said, 'Enough of weeping swains and funereal urns'—

The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me, her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears."

Amidst all the splendour of Turner's work, he never forgot the human interest in any scene. We are made to see

through his eyes the varied life of men, on hill and in dale, in the city and on the sea. Their toil, their pleasures, all are given with the force of truth, sad and despairing as the toil may be; but above are the skies, and the glory of the heavens transfuses all with surrounding brightness. In this is there not much kinship with Wordsworth's special insistence on the healing power of Nature, and the perfect fitness of the natural world to human life?

For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing often-times
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

One strong characteristic these two great men had also in common—their keen perception of, and sympathy with, the sad side of human life, and the mystery of pain; but they both looked forward to the light. Each alike could say—

Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.





WORDSWORTH IN LONDON.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

MR. HUTTON, in his *Literary Landmarks of London*, says of the great patriarch of Lake Poets: "Wordsworth made frequent visits to London, and we read of him here as the guest of Rogers, Lamb, Coleridge, Crabb Robinson, and others; but nowhere in his Diary, his Memoirs, his published letters, or in the works of his friends and contemporaries is any hint given as to his abiding-places in town. While he was more closely identified with Yarrow or the Lake District than with the stream that flows through the vale of Cheapside, still he has left a lark in the branches of the old tree on the corner of Wood Street that will sing there as long as yellow primroses grow by rivers' brims."

It is certainly curious that so little trace should remain of the London abodes of Wordsworth. Some references to his haunts and experiences are to be found in his verse. Thus there is the "Remembrance of Collins," written in 1789, upon the Thames, near Richmond:—

Glide gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream, for ever so!
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought ! Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene !
 Such as did once a poet bless,
 Who, murmur'ing here a later ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress
 But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
 For *him* suspend the dashing oar,
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that poet's sorrows more.
 How calm—how still ! the only sound,
 The dripping of the oar suspended !
 The evening darkness gathers round,
 By virtue's holiest powers attended.

Wood Street, dear to the country visitor for its green plane tree, is greener still in the memory of all from its association with the poet's "Poor Susan."

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years ;
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot and has heard
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a river of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all passed away from her eyes

This was written in 1797. The divine afflatus was strong within him during the September month of 1802, when he returned from France and passed through London towards that country church where his happy fate was linked with that of his cousin Mary Hutchinson. He landed at Dover, and we have his sonnets, "We had a female passenger ;"

"Dear fellow traveller, here we are once more;" "Inland within a hollow vale I stood;" which are the landmarks of his journey through Kent to the great metropolis. To London belong the sonnets, "O friend, I know not which way I must look;" "Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;" and the associated poems to liberty. To this month also belongs that visit to the theatre at Sadler's Wells, which is described in the "Prelude." The play was drawn from the story of the unfortunate "Beauty of Buttermere," who had excited the admiration of Coleridge and Wordsworth before the fame of her charms had extended beyond her native vale. Lastly, to this month belong the strong verses composed upon Westminster Bridge, 3rd September, 1802:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

There is also that strange portrait of a transplanted rustic in the "Farmer of Tilsbury Vale," which was written in 1803:—

In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,
Like one whose own country's far over the sea;
And Nature, while through the great city he hies,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise.
What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?
Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;
With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent Garden, in desolate hours
Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruit and her flowers,
Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made
Poor Winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots; a waggon of straw,
Like a magnet, the heart of Old Adam can draw ;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will team,
And his hearing is touch'd with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in the waggon, and smells at the hay ;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—
If you pass by at morning you'll meet with him there :
The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.

Now farewell, Old Adam ! when low thou art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

In 1806 he wrote the vivid sketches of street life, "The Power of Music," and the "Star-gazers."

The seventh book of "The Prelude" is devoted to a description of his "Residence in London," and shows with what curiosity he explored the great metropolis, and with what a keen and sympathetic eye he saw the pathos of its streets. Yet nowhere in it does he reach his highest inspiration. It is a matter of surprise that the pulses of the mighty heart of London should have had apparently so small a share in stimulating the genius of Wordsworth, but after all, he drew his inspiration from the varying moods of Nature rather than the joys and sorrows of Man.





WORDSWORTH ON BEGGARS.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

THE human element in Wordsworth's poetry has been somewhat under-estimated by those who look upon him as a poet only of Nature. What Wordsworth thought about the matter himself is interesting. In a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, dealing with the difference of opinion among his critics, he says of one of them, "What he observes in praise of my mode of dealing with Nature, as opposed to my treatment of human life, which, as he said, is not to be trusted, would be reversed, as it has been, by many who maintain that I run into excess in my pictures of the influences of natural objects, and assign to them an importance that they are not entitled to; while in my treatment of the intellectual instincts, affections and passions of mankind, I am nobly distinguished by having drawn out into notice the points in which men resemble each other, in preference to dwelling, as dramatic authors must do, upon those in which they differ. If my writings are to last, it will, I myself believe, be mainly owing to this characteristic. They will please for the single cause—

That we have all of us one human heart."

On another occasion Crabb Robinson tells us he met the poet at the breakfast table of Rogers, and had "a very interesting chat with him about his poetry. He repeated emphatically what he had said to me before, that he did

not expect or desire from posterity any other fame than that which would be given him for the way in which his poems exhibit man in his essentially *human* character and relations—as child, parent, husband—the qualities which are common to all men, as opposed to those which distinguish one man from another. His sonnets are not therefore the works that he esteems the most.”

Wordsworth's own opinion of his place among poets is coming to be the accepted one, and it is as a poet of humanity—rather than the self-withdrawn high priest of Nature that some of us prefer to regard him. He must rank, however, among poets of humanity, not as a “bard of passion or of mirth.” His humanity is not that of Burns or Byron, but something with much less of the love of love or the hate of hate in it. There is no self-abandonment, no devouring passion, but always a staid decorum and self-restraint. His place is among the contemplative and reflective poets, and it is as a spectator of human life that we must regard him. This attitude of the philosophical looker-on is everywhere manifest; whether he is writing of mountains, flowers, or men. He thinks of these things, and tells us what he feels about them. Coleridge has pointed out that the philosophical poet is speaking in every character, from the pedlar in the “Excursion,” to the little child in “We are Seven.” In his *Table Talk*, the critic, in instituting a comparison between Goethe and Wordsworth, has gone this length. He says: “Although Wordsworth and Goethe are not much alike to be sure, upon the whole, yet they both have this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators, *ab extrâ*—feeling *for*, but never *with* their characters.”

It is not my purpose, however, to deal further with this enquiry into the peculiar nature of Wordsworth's poetry.

Among the aspects of humanity with which he dealt, the vagrant element is a very marked one. The poet had an unmistakeable disposition to make choice of wanderers for his subjects. Within certain prescribed limits, he was a wanderer himself, and perhaps it was a fellow-feeling that made him wondrous kind. He walked much, and composed his poetry in the open air. De Quincey at one time calculated that the poet's legs must have carried him nearly 200,000 miles. So we find that some of his favourite characters are given to rambling. Of such are the Pedlar, the Wanderer of the "Excursion," and the Leech Gatherer. That the wanderer should be a vagabond does not detract from the interest, as in the case of Peter Bell, the potter. His sympathy, too, never fails to be awakened if the vagrant happens to be a woman. In point of numbers, female beggars predominate in his poetry. When they are not actually vagrants, the people in the streets and roads who lead a kind of nomadic life, are attractive. The man with the telescope in Leicester Square suggests "Star Gazers"; the fiddler, in Oxford Street, who—

Works on the crowd,
And aways them with harmony merry and loud,

leads the poet to discourse on the "Power of Music." The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale was not exactly a vagrant, but he was one who had absconded from his native vale and found himself in London, lonely as a crow on the sands. The poet cannot conceal an affection for the runaway, who watches the clouds passing over the London streets, and—

With a look of such earnestness often will stand,
You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand;

and who, when he sees a waggon of hay go by, must needs thrust his hand into it, and smell at the hay, and dream of his own green fields; and who goes to Smithfield in the early morning to inhale the breath of the cows.

It is, however, not of these, but of other poor travellers—vagrants in the real sense—that Wordsworth has chosen, of whom I would speak for a moment. One of these, of the female type, he meets upon a moor, and she tells him the story of her life; how her father was a good and pious man, who offended some local landowner and roused his enmity by refusing to sell to him his little plot, and in consequence fell upon evil days, lost his possessions, and had to go to a neighbouring town. Then she married an artist, an early love, but he too came to grief. The father died, and then began a series of wanderings across the seas, in which husband and children die, and she, after sickness and pain and much misadventure, finds herself back in her own country. She confesses that in her loneliness and desolation she had been induced to join a company of potters, who lived a wild life, and whose outward display of industry was only a cloak for burglary and theft. The female vagrant says, however—

But ill they suited me; those journeys dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!
To charm the surly house dog's faithful bark,
Or hang on tip-toe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:
Besides, on grief so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

She leaves the vagrant band, and here, after much wandering, she is on this wild moor with nowhere to go and words of contrition in her mouth, which one is inclined to suspect Wordsworth thought for her. It is not that she is homeless that so much troubles her—

But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth
Is, that I have my inner self abused,
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

In "The Sailor's Mother" we have a beggar of another type. The poem has been declared a failure by Matthew Arnold, and he has excluded it from his selection, but it is characteristic. On a wet and foggy morning in winter the poet meets on the road a woman—

Not old, though something past her prime ;
Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.
The ancient spirit is not dead ;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair.

He is surprised, however, when this stately woman asks him for assistance. He notices that she carries something under her cloak, which on enquiry turns out to be a singing bird in a cage which belonged to a dead son who was shipwrecked, and now in memory of him, she says—

God help me for my little wit—
I bear it with me, sir ! he took so much delight in it.

In the poem styled "Beggars," he has another striking figure of a female kind.

She had a tall man's height, or more ;
No bonnet screened her from the heat ;
Nor claimed she service from the hood
Of a blue mantle, to her feet,
Depending with a graceful flow ;
Only she wore a cap pure as unsullied snow.

She was brown as an Egyptian, and had a haughty queen-like eye, which seemed as if it—

Had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown.

This Amazon, however, who might have been a bandit's bride, tells the poet tales, which he says—

Could challenge no respect
But from a blind credulity ;

and yet such is the weakness even of a poet in the presence of female beauty, he says—

A boon I gave her ; for the creature
Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature.

Leaving her, he meets a little further on with two young urchins who are frolicking in the sun after a butterfly, who, when they see the poet, cease their sport and drop into a plaintive whine, and when he tells them that not half-an-hour ago he relieved their mother, one of them says: "That cannot be, for she is dead." The poet looks at them reprovingly, but unabashed they persist—

She has been dead, sir, many a day.

To which the good man replies admonishingly :—

Sweet boys: Heaven hears that rash reply;
It was your mother, as I say!
And in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come, come!" cried one, and, without more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous vagrants flew!

In "Ruth" we have another vagrant, of a type to be sincerely pitied, whose husband has deserted her, and whom sorrow and misfortune have deprived of her wits. She has escaped from an asylum, but is allowed to wander harmlessly about. Child-like, she pipes and makes music from a hemlock stalk, and sets—

Her little water mills
By spouts and fountains wild.

A barn her *winter* bed supplies,
But till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,

She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

If she is pressed by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

For gipsies Wordsworth has less regard than for other vagrants, apparently because of their disposition to lie

about their tents in indolent repose. If a man or woman is tramping, however aimlessly, the poet's sympathy is aroused, and his grudge against the gipsies in the little poem which he has devoted to them is, that they waste the shining hours lolling by their camp fires. He passes a knot of them so engaged, and after walking for twelve hours returns to find them still grouped there, careless of sun or moon, whereat he opens out upon them in a key which Coleridge said would, perhaps, have been found a little too high if the slow movements of the Empire of China had been the subject.

In "The Old Cumberland Beggar" Wordsworth gives us a picture of a mendicant of the antique and picturesque type. Around this object of his regard he has grouped his thoughts about beggars of this class. He meets the Beggar in his walk, seated upon some horsing steps by the wayside, discussing with palsied hands his meagre meal. He is a solitary man well known to, and respected by, the county side. The horseman stops to place his dole in the old man's hat rather than fling it to him. The tollgate woman, seeing him come, lifts the latch for him, and the postboy is careful in his swift driving that the old man shall not come to grief. He is bent and bowed with age, and his eye scans only the little tract of road beneath his gaze, and the changing circumstances of his walk, are the little waifs and strays and imprints on this little bit of earth. But to the poet he is not a useless being, and he calls upon statesmen to respect this mendicant as serving a useful purpose in the world. He prompts to charity; he keeps alive "the kindly mood in hearts" which otherwise might become selfish and coldly oblivious, so that constant giving,

The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason.

The poet grows didactic upon his subject, observing how those who are better off—

Behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each, recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions.

Charles Lamb, who thought that perhaps there was too much disposition to lecture in this poem, a sort of "I will teach you how to think on this subject" tone, has himself written "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," which should be read along with Wordsworth's description. There will be found many points of touch between the gentle humorist and the poet. Wordsworth says—

Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisance—

and so on. Lamb commences by saying, "The all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear mendicity from the metropolis." Wordsworth says of his beggar—

May never house, misnamed of Industry,
Make him a captive!

Says Lamb of the disposition to drive the beggars into the workhouses: "I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusade, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars." Then in his humorous way he goes on to show the true dignity of a beggar, and how beggars have figured in romance; of the picturesque figures they have presented to him in his daily walks, and which he is

loth to see depart. Like Wordsworth, he regards the beggar as useful. "The Mendicants of this great city are so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire, as ornamental as the signs of Old London. They are the standing morals, emblems, mementoes, dial mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry." He advocates giving always, and with a pleasant blindness to possible imposition, and if you have nothing else to give, crack a jest with the beggar, "it is kinder than consigning him to the stocks or the village beadle."

Wordsworth's kindness of feeling for vagrants is a striking feature in his nature. He wishes them all well. The old Cumberland beggar he would have allowed to ramble free as the air or the winds with the birds and trees about him, and—

As in the eye of nature he has lived,
So in the eye of nature let him die.

He evidently liked the Sailor's Mother none the less when he found that she was a wandering mendicant. Of poor Ruth, he says—

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,
Ill fated Ruth ! in hallowed mould
Thy corpee shall buried be ;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

Years after he had met the two beggar boys who lied to him, he speculated on their fate, devoting a poem to them in which he hoped that they, so happy and so fair, had been preserved from real evil, and by the care—

Of pitying heaven at least were free
From touch of *deadly* injury,
Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,
For mercy and immortal bloom !

Regarding that old sinner, the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, he appeals for judgment to broad-minded men. Though he had borrowed money on the strength of his respectability, then—

Without hinting a word,
Turned his back on the country ; and off like a bird,
he has only a kindly wish for him, and says—

Now, farewell, old Adam ! when low thou art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head ;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

And for that other sturdy wanderer, Peter Bell, he tells us there was ultimate salvation.

For Peter Bell, who till that night
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,
And after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

One is so used to regard Wordsworth as a stern moralist and lawgiver, that perhaps one may be pardoned for drawing brief attention to these evidences of a broad sympathy, and of a kindly way of dealing with the "unambitious under-wood" of human nature.





CASTLE ASIA: THE OUTLET OF THE DARDANELLES.

REMINISCENCES OF A TRIP TO THE EAST.

BY WILLIAM ARTINGSTALL, R.C.A.

IN the spring of last year, along with a friend, a commercial gentleman, doing a large business with, and well known amongst commercial men in the East, we started with the intention of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, the rest of the programme to be filled in as circumstances and inclination willed. Leaving Charing Cross at 8 a.m., the route being through Chislehurst—the residence of the once Empress of the French, through portions of sunny Kent—the red-roofed houses and the hop fields, where the farmers were busy putting sticks to the young plants, being the first great contrast to our own county, we got to Dover in about two hours, leaving immediately on arrival. Two hours more saw us at Calais, and taking train for Paris, we travelled through, at first, a poor, miserable pasture country, with rows of pollard willows bordering on shallow pools, clipt like giant walking sticks. The country increased in cultivation as we neared Paris into a land rich in grain and farming produce. Arriving in Paris at 5.45, after a pleasant journey, where we had the permission of the French ladies travelling in the same compartment to smoke and make ourselves as

happy as we could, and after replying to the demand of the French custom's official, "Avez vous de contraband?" in the negative, we drove to the Hotel Burgundy, Rue Duphot. As this is the hotel patronised by Gaze, we were treated to a sort of French-English cuisine, and saw a variety of our countrymen and women abroad, and in candour it must be confessed they do not show to advantage. This hotel is a good one to English-speaking travellers. After a good dinner and a few hours amusement at the "Folies Bergères," we retired to rest, and left in the morning by the Paris and Lyons Railway for Marseilles at 9 a.m. After a tedious ride, which was not improved by our having as fellow-travellers as far as Dijon, a straight-laced Englishman and wife, who objected to smoking, and spent the time alternately munching biscuits and consulting "Cook." Afterwards we had three Americans, men of wonderful information and a good knowledge of whist, and got along considerably better. Travelling through the south of France is travelling through a Farmer's Paradise. At this early time of the year the grain was almost in the ear, and the lilac and plants, which bloom with us some two months later, were already in full flower. It was a beautiful, bright, sunny day, and as night drew nigh the moon came out in full. We arrived at Marseilles at midnight, and after a few hours' sleep at the hotel, sailed on the morning of the same day by the "Alphée." She was not a particularly clean boat, nor a fast one—a good ten knots an hour, which we found out afterwards was about the full speed of all the Mediterranean and Eastern boats, was her maximum. She had the qualification, however, of being a very steady one. It is astonishing what an appetite one has at sea. Breakfast at nine, lunch at one, dinner at five, and tea at eight, found us always ready

and in our places. We carried our own sheep, poultry, ducks, turkeys, and rabbits, and considered both the cooks and the stewards were deserving of our best thanks. Early in the year as it was, we had new potatoes, green peas, and strawberries. Lights were put out at eleven o'clock, and though our berths were rather of the smallest, we slept well. There was another English passenger, going to Shanghai after a twelve months' holiday, and a Swiss commercial traveller, who with ourselves made a quorum at whist each evening; an old Scotch lady travelling alone, of the Roman Catholic faith, going to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage; two or three Greeks and Armenians; a French family of noble extraction, who were ill the most of the journey, one of whom, the gentleman of the party, tried to seem to be enjoying himself, coming on deck every morning in a many-coloured dressing gown, with a large assortment of pipes, plenty of pillows and rugs, and preparations for spending the remainder of the day on deck. Alas, for the frailty of French humanity! A very short time, and he was seen wending his way again to his cabin, from which he only emerged on the morning following, and the same performance was gone through again. Another passenger, a venerable ecclesiastic, was a general favourite, with a face provocative of good humour—shall I say, good living? He spent the day on deck enjoying his "bacca," and always sure of an audience—sometimes theological, oftener of a social character. He was a host in himself, with a form that the monks of old might have envied. From his chin to his boots, covered with a long black cassock, was an unbroken convex curve. He was a man of rounded lines and immense bulk. These French boats carry the clergy free, and the Church provides them with the necessaries of life. He was going to Jerusalem to preach. While at Alexandria, where the ship stayed

two days, we had the pleasure of his society at dinner at our hotel. He emptied one magnum of champagne himself, and then generously ordered another, so that we might drink to his "bon voyage." The necessities of life vary in different positions in life. Since I returned home he has sent me his photograph, which has found a place amongst the notabilities in my album, and also some dried flowers from the neighbourhood of the Tomb of Gethsemane. He was a travelling acquaintance whom I shall ever remember with respect. There were others on board, not forgetting the captain and doctor, both French; but as I cannot say anything kind of these two, I will let them slide. I have not mentioned "Madame," our pianoforte accompanist, a lady who was agreeable to everyone—an actress going to enchant the Europeans at Cairo; and as the other ladies rather ignored her, she received all the more attention from us. The second day we sailed along the island of Corsica—the principal town, Ajaccio, was well within sight—through the straits of Bonifacio, with Sardinia on our right. We passed Caprera, the home of Garibaldi, about 1 a.m. Our progress was slow, the wind being dead ahead, and our Swiss friend that evening having disappeared, we missed our usual game at whist. The morning following was one of those quiet, calm days, with a sea as smooth as a millpond, a clear, blue sky without a cloud, scarcely a movement in the boat, and warm, genial sunshine. It was the first time the ladies appeared on deck all together, and we made it a sort of festival. Our swallow, which had travelled with us from Marseilles, was joined by a lot of companions, who at night rested on the ship—these and canaries were so tame, so unaccustomed to the society of men, that, at dusk, we picked them up in our hands, and gave them to the ladies, who, after a little petting and terms of endearment and kisses—happy beings—

let them free again, only to fly a few yards, and come back to the ship to rest. We passed Stromboli, belching forth volumes—from two distinct craters—of fire and smoke. There seems to have been a sort of revolt amongst the volcanoes last year. Past the Taping group of islands, and on through the Straits of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. Mount Etna looked peaceful enough, covered with a canopy of snow. There was a magnificent sunset, from an intensely blue sky overhead, through tones of yellow verging into a deep vermilion, and again into a rich madder, with a cold indigo sea cutting in a straight line across. The glorious orb of gold gradually and quickly sank, giving way to a calm peaceful moonlight, with myriads of stars, and the quiet silver reflection of the moon lighting up the waters—like unto a fairy scene. The steerage passengers were mostly pilgrims to Jerusalem; a quiet, peaceful lot, spending their time in singing, gossiping, and eating. I made several sketches on the ship with an audience not only kindly disposed, but enthusiastically gushing. We got to Alexandria, and dropped anchor in the outer harbour, after a six days most enjoyable time—sorry to leave the ship, yet glad to get on land. There was the usual Babel of tongues; but, putting our luggage in a heap, we accosted the hotel dragoman, and placing ourselves unreservedly in his hands, he deputed one of his minions to look after our traps, and took charge of us. Passports were not needed. On landing in small boats the Custom-house officer demanded our address cards, or, as they termed them, "*cartes de visite*." These were sufficient to pass us through. We stayed at the Hotel Abbot, a comfortable and commodious hotel.

As you approach Alexandria, it seems below the level of the sea, the tops of minarets and buildings being first visible, then the building themselves—then long stretches of yellow

sands, with the shipping lying in the two harbours, and the white painted dahbiehs, with swallow-like sails, skimming over the water, added to which an intensely blue sky, and water of the most delicate of green, make up a picture never to be forgotten. The general impression of the city, as you arrive, is of white grey buildings, standing out against a dark blue sky, an intermingling of vines and palm trees, of figures moving, shouting, bustling, in all sorts of strange loose white and coloured calico costumes, and of rich warm shadows, that look tempting out of the glare of the hot fierce sun. After spending some time in the city, which is fast being Europeanised, the buildings in the Square, which was destroyed by the bombardment, being rebuilt in the French style, we visited the palace of the Khedive, with its gorgeous upholstery; its valuable and expensive fittings, giving one the idea of fabulous wealth, and delight in rich and brilliant things without education or taste; its massive gilt chandeliers, said to hold over 5,000 candles, suggesting much that one reads in the *Arabian Nights*; we inspected the fort, in which, on the eventful day of the bombardment, Arabi Pasha had the natives of the city on the parade ground, watching, having faith in his boast that he could destroy the British fleet in two hours. Alas for the frailty of his hopes, his Armstrong guns disabled; his storehouse, full of charged shot, demolished—himself a prisoner. His downfall was speedy. Adjoining the fort, and on the same line, is the lighthouse; behind the fort, the Palace of the Khedive, and behind that again, the city. The accuracy of the British gunners was such, obeying their orders to destroy the fort, leave untouched the lighthouse and the palace, and then drop their shells into the centre of the city, that with the exception of one shell grazing the side of the lighthouse, it was carried out to the letter. The sweet water canal comes to Alexandria, and on one

W

side of it are the residences of some of the wealthiest of its inhabitants; and, on the other, mud villages, squalor, filth, and poverty of the poorest of the poor. In the gardens of the wealthy, where water from the canal is plentiful, everything grows well—roses, geraniums, passion flowers, clematis, and, what are to us rare exotics, growing in rich profusion; fruits of all kinds, figs, olives, oranges, lemons, tomatoes, and others I know not the name of, making a paradise of fruit and floral wealth. Outside the dwellings of the poor—dried mud scanty patches of verdure, a few plots of maize, 10 to 20 feet high, and the ever present date palms, a few lean poultry and ragged and naked children complete the contrast. We went to see the famous Pompey's Pillar, a picture of which I painted. It is close to the city, standing near the shore on a dry, arid plain, and close to the catacombs that have been recently excavated. Lying around are relics of once Egyptian greatness—fragments of statuary, portions of pillars and cornices that have once done duty in some noble building. The pillar stands against the sky, solitary and alone, defying in its strength and symmetry the ravages of time, its 120 feet of height looking still greater by the desolation around. We visited the barracks at Ramleh, where the British troops were, many of them being under canvas, and met a soldier's funeral—mourned for perhaps by some near neighbours at home—his comrades, with arms reversed, and the band playing the Dead March impressively, taking the body to its last resting place on earth. Our evenings were sometimes spent with some friends—sometimes at some café, music saloon, or an occasional concert. Attached to most of the singing saloons are gambling establishments, where roulette and trente et quarante are played for high stakes, and where human nature is found in its worst form. The same thing exists

to a large extent at Cairo, and I may say at all the Eastern ports.

From Alexandria to Cairo is 130 miles by rail, and they run one fast train a day, doing the journey in five hours. The carriages, third class, are on the same principle as our cattle trucks, with four forms running lengthwise. The second class are a trifle better, with a passage running through the centre, and face to face seats, calculated to hold four. One difficulty they have to contend with is the aversion of the pious Mohammedan to sit with infidels like ourselves. The first class carriages are, I should think, some cast-offs of the Lancashire and Yorkshire's, with shutters to the windows to keep out the sun; it was impossible to keep out the sand, the motion of the train causing it to spread; we were covered with it, our hair and whiskers were full, the carriage and our clothes thick with it, and we reached Cairo, parched, dirty, and tired—the country through which we travelled alternating between stretches of cultivated land, watered by irrigation of the most primitive fashion, and arid, sterile desert, without a trace of vegetation, the land, like the people, crying aloud for water. We were met at the terminus by a Moorish gentleman, who has spent some time in Manchester, one of our friends, and to whom we were indebted for escort during almost all our excursions in and around Cairo. After negotiating for us at the "Hotel Byzance," where he advised us to stay, he was unfortunate in his selection; the food was not to our liking, the hotel was hot—this in April—and we afterwards found much more suitable hotels, the world-famed "Shepherd's" and the "New Hotel" taking the lead. We spent the afternoon, as we subsequently spent many afternoons, during the heat of the day, at the house of his uncle, a well-known merchant in Cairo. One of the old type of Moorish traders, with a fine Eastern mansion,

his offices and warehouses occupying the basement ; his living rooms were above, with their marble floors and white ottomans ; his covered lights, to exclude the sun and heat, affording us cool shelter when it was unbearable outside ; the luxury of being waited on, hand and foot by Nubian eunuchs, every movement anticipated, and the satisfaction of seeing our host in such good health, notwithstanding he was the happy possessor of six slaves—or wives, shall I call them ? three black, two coloured, and one white—variety enough, to my mind, for any reasonable being, and doing his utmost to make us comfortable in the, to us, strange surroundings. His picturesque costume, the washing of hands, after meals, by the slaves pouring a trickling stream on them from a sort of brass coffee-pot, and the water falling into a brass engraved basin on the floor ; then the ever-present narghilla, while our conversation was interpreted by our friend. The talk was business—in truth, the predominant features of the conversation and life of Easterns, is money making and women. That night we visited the Pyramids of Cheops. They are about nine miles distant from Cairo. A good road was made by the late Khedive, anticipating a visit from the Emperor of the French. He never paid the promised visit, but the road remains, and the numerous visitors who go there, have reason to be thankful that the late Emperor's intention led to such useful results. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the moon being at full, and the impressiveness of the gigantic masses, under its brilliant light, throwing broad masses of dark shadows, will never be effaced from my memory. Close to the Pyramids is the little Arab village of Acom, the male inhabitants of which seem to turn out, *en masse*, in hope of *backsheesh* from the unwary traveller. You cannot shake them off ; they are of the burr nature, and if their persistent demands for *backsheesh* are unheeded,

they can turn on copious floods of tears at a moment's notice. We could only escape them by throwing a handful of small coins and driving away as fast as we could, with the fleetest of them running by our side, with the cry, "Bk, bk, bk!" We visited the Sphinx, which is in the immediate neighbourhood; it looked dignified and impressive, but, to my mind, it is ugly. We killed an adder on our way. The invitation to descend into the ruins of the temple of Chafra, we declined then, our surroundings, the attendance of so many of those not prepossessing looking Arabs, and our feeling of loneliness, prompting us to defer this treat to a future visit. I was at the Pyramids by daybreak the next morning. Except at early morn and towards evening, it was impossible to do anything for the heat, the heat impresses you—you try to realise it on canvas, but do as you will, it never looks as hot as it is. What can I say of the Pyramids? They have been much more accurately described than I can describe them, but to the last I had the same feeling of their bigness and impressiveness. The Sphinx is immediately behind them. The excavations were being carried out by a small army of ragged or naked Arab children, carrying the sand away on their heads, in small flat baskets, shouting and running as if they liked it, enforced thereto by the long whip of an old sheik, who was superintending operations. We were told it was the intention to construct a short waggon line, and as the sand has to be carried a considerable distance, it is absolutely necessary, to make much progress. Notwithstanding the paucity of the means they have excavated a considerable depth, but the beauty is destroyed. The head of the Sphinx rising out of the sand was a mystery; with the whole body exposed it is an immense mass of ugliness—a noseless face, eyes eaten away by time, a beard that has been chipped away by lovers of the curious, a long shape-

less body, and an immense chest, dwarf the head, and take the dignity out of it. It is a solid mass of limestone, exfoliated and decaying. The Great Pyramid, or Pyramid of Cheops, is about 750 feet broad at its base, and is about 500 feet high. Access to the interior can be made through low passages, on slippery floors, on your hands and knees, or crossing some chasm on the back of your guide until you come to the chamber of Cheops' sarcophagus. By the aid of the small rushlights carried by the guides you can see nothing. Stified and parched, with your limbs aching with exertion, you think with dismay of your journey back again; but it has to be done. If there had been a well in the neighbourhood I could have drunk it dry. They wanted me to make the ascent. Did you ever try to step on an ordinary-sized dining-table? Imagine hundreds of them, of irregular size, often with narrow and insecure footings, an Arab firmly hold of each wrist and one pushing behind, your arms nearly pulled out of their sockets, and the thermometer at 90°. I declined. The Cheferan Pyramid is about 300 yards away; the upper portion is covered with plaster. Close by are the ruins of the Temple of Chafra, excavated to the depth of two storeys below the level of the land; with long corridors, and massive masonry walls, floors of alabaster, the relics of statuary, &c., it is full of interest to the antiquary. The stones have been brought from beyond the first cataract, as have also those of the Pyramids.

The old streets of Cairo are wonderfully picturesque—everything is Eastern. Unlike Alexandria and Constantinople, there is nothing suggestive of European influence—yea, one thing; in one of the principal thoroughfares is an establishment devoted to the sale of English drinks. There the British soldier indulges in Bass and Allsopp at English prices. It is patronised solely by Tommy Atkins. The

Black Watch were at Cairo at this time, returning from the Soudan. We found this establishment had come into being to meet the requirements of the British troops.

The fruit and vegetable market at Cairo is a picture, or rather a series of pictures, of bright and vivid colours. All kinds of tropical fruits—tomatoes, melons, figs, prickly pears, to say nothing of the universal lettuce, a vegetable that is grown everywhere, and delightful eating in a hot climate. Everywhere were groups of figures in many-coloured raiments. We saw the counterparts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the noise, the bustle, the donkeys, the camels, the difference of races—from the coal-black Nubian through every degree of colour to the fair Circassian—the women in their clumsy costumes, generally of indigo blue, with brass tubes on their foreheads, just letting their eyes be seen, the almost naked donkey boys, and every grade between, to the wealthy Egyptian ambling along on his sleek donkey. The numerous marble and alabaster mosques and public buildings, dazzling in their brilliance where the sun shone on them against the deep blue sky; and the warm rich shadows, that filled the narrow streets, made a scene that to eyes only accustomed to the quiet and sober colours of an English landscape, was full of beauty and of rich full effect. Most of our excursions in Cairo were made on donkeys—they are much superior animals than we have here, with smooth grey hair, trimly built, and big crimson saddles, that make one's seat a comfortable one—they stand the heat well, and go ambling along all day, getting over considerably more ground than they seem to do. A prize animal will fetch as much as £150, and an ordinary working donkey is worth as much as £20. One of the principal buildings, of course, after the palaces, is the mosque of the Sultan, Mehemet Ali, an immense square building, the centre dome of which, ornamented in

gold, is supported by four pillars. The immense floor is covered with rich turkey carpets. Chandeliers pendant from the high dome contain thousands of wax lights, and here and there groups of devout Moslems prostrate on the ground, telling their beads and going through their devotions. With big slippers tied over our boots, we were permitted to invade this sanctuary—to which pilgrims, whom you can smell, come from the interior of the country. If the custom they have of washing their feet were extended to the whole of their body, and to the filthy rags they wear, their bodies, if not their souls, would be the better for it. It was in this mosque that the late Mehemet Ali so ruthlessly caused to be slaughtered the nobles and janissaries of Egypt, whose palaces in and around Cairo are now going to decay. There are palaces, notably that of the late Abdula Pasha, said to have cost a million of money, with miles of gardens that have been empty since his death, going to ruin. The same may be said of the beautiful tombs of the Kaliffs and of the Mamelukes, big marble buildings in the shape of mosques, all showing the same neglect and want of care.

An Egyptian wedding is curious. A band, they call it—discordant noises produced by the most primitive instruments—precedes a carriage, in which is concealed the bride; other female friends and relatives follow in coaches, and they take her to the home of her husband. She has her first sight of him at sunset, and then the ceremony takes place, accompanied by feasting, dancing, and music.

On the Friday—the Mohammedan Sunday—we hired a carriage and pair, and drove to Sheberoh. Sheberoh is the Rotten Row of Cairo. We had the pleasure of meeting the Khedive, who favoured us with a profound salaam, which we returned as graciously as we knew how. All

along the road are rows of trees planted by the Khedive—acacia and sycamore—the shadows from which are very grateful. At the base of the trunks, and also where trees are planted in the principal streets and squares in the city, there are hollows in the ground, where a daily supply of water is given to keep them alive. Anything will grow here; the climate is a huge forcing-house if supplied with that necessity, water. Our favourite promenade in the evening was the Municipal Gardens, rich in floral beauty, and enlivened by an excellent band. We heard many complaints from the merchants of the evacuation of the Soudan. There is a trade averaging about £7,000,000 annually done in Cairo with the interior. Since the war this has been entirely stopped; the country is now infested with bands of marauders, rendering the transit of merchandise impossible. They complain that the English, having undertaken the settlement of the country, should not have retired until they had restored it to its usual condition. Now they are waiting, hoping that the people, feeling the necessity of receiving goods to supply their wants and dispose of their produce, will themselves hasten a better state of things.

The nights are very uncomfortable, without a breath of air, and a temperature like a Turkish bath. We tossed uneasily on our curtained beds, vainly courting sleep, and, to make matters worse, we fell ill, my friend first, myself the day following, breaking out all over heat lumps and skin irritation. This with the heat, the sand, and the mosquitoes, which were both numerous and demonstrative, to say nothing of other plagues, determined us to leave at once. We thought our illness was to some extent due to drinking the wine of the country, and yet we had been very temperate. We took to water, and got worse, and discovered that was contaminated, the supply having got below sea level.

Having made our way back to Alexandria, our first inquiry was, when was there a steamer leaving, and for where? We were uncomfortable and ill, and disappointed at not being able to extend our visit to the Holy Land. We had the conviction that a sea voyage, and a cooler atmosphere, was the best medicine we could take. The day following, we took our berths on a Russian ship, the Kromoloff, from Alexandria to Odessa, calling at several of the Syrian ports. We had ascertained that the water supply was not Egyptian. They had plenty from Odessa to carry them back. The food on these Russian boats is excellent; very similar to our own. We spent the remainder of the day in leave-taking, and arrangements for forwarding our purchases. Our custom was to limit our personal luggage to the smallest possible dimensions, and, instead of having trouble at every frontier station, where you are taxed on everything you bring away with you, to get them packed in a case, paying the customs dues, and consigning to Liverpool. On Friday, May 21, we left Alexandria, being rowed in a small boat to the Kromoloff, which was riding at anchor in the outer harbour. We were accompanied to the ship by several of our friends, and left with many expressions of regret. We had met with much attention and received many kindnesses from them, which has endeared their recollection in our memories. These Russian ships are most comfortable of any in the Mediterranean and Black Sea; the *cuisine* is excellent, and what we appreciated still more, the cabins are lofty and well ventilated, and fitted up with iron beds, which, after the confined space usually allowed in a ship's berth, were much appreciated. The captain had an excellent knowledge of English, and did all that lay in his power to make our voyage a pleasant one. There were only a few saloon passengers besides ourselves, and with these, owing to the want of a universal language,

we could hold no communication. The whole of the steerage upper and lower decks were filled, with few exceptions, with Russian pilgrims, returning from Jerusalem to Odessa—men, women, and children filthy, beastly filthy, in dirty, sad-coloured rags, and eating all sorts of mixtures of garbage, that a pig would turn up his nose at. There were several Turks and Egyptians amongst them, and although I had formed a low estimate of their cleanliness, they are princes in comparison to the Russian peasant. Spreading their brilliant coloured little carpets, on which they eat, sleep, and live, arranging their gaudy-coloured saddle-bags, and their ornamented tin eating-dishes, occasionally surreptitiously lighting their narghillas, which were as quickly extinguished by the officers of the ship—"no smoking," except on the saloon deck, being rigidly enforced—they got the maximum of comfort out of depressing circumstances. Need I say the weather was brilliant. As we neared Scarponto, the sun had set, and the island stood out a strong blue grey against an orange-coloured sky, with a dark indigo sea below. The effects at sunset were marvellous, much beyond the power of a painter to depict or of an untravelled man to believe. On the Sunday we were in the Grecian Archipelago—the paradise of Byron—passing the island of Patmos on our left, with its town on the summit of the hill, built so as to perceive the approach, and as a protection against the marauding bands of Algerian pirates, who infested these coasts up to as recently as 70 or 80 years ago. The towers of the monastery, where St. Chrysostom was educated, showing over the other buildings, famous for its library and for being in possession of a manuscript by St. Luke, and famous for its treasures in precious stones, carvings, rich silks, and ivories, carried there for safety by Byzantine refugees from Constantinople. On to Scio, a beautiful and

prolific paradise, where we landed a passenger, who had left the cotton fields of Massowah and Zagazig to spend the hot weather in this fertile spot, surrounded by a beautiful calm sea, the higher grounds on the island covered with fruit trees, the plains thickly wooded, dotted here and there with residences; nothing in nature seemed wanting for human happiness; yet, it was here, two years ago, an earthquake destroyed one half the population, numbering about 5,000 people. Past the island of Samos and numerous other small islands, the welcome shade of the ship's awnings making the deck pleasant in the daytime, watching the sharks as they played round the ship, and at night after sundown, and darkness had come, watching the repeated electric flashes which lit up the whole scene. We got to Smyrna on the Monday, and anchoring out in the harbour, went ashore. We found our passports serviceable here. It is a clean healthy-looking port, with its best face towards the sea. An excellent promenade, along which a one-horse tram runs, extends from one end to the other, about two feet above the level of the water. The sea is always at one level here. One end of the promenade is occupied by the mansions of the rich, and then, past cafés, shops, business premises, &c., we come to the other end, the commercial depôt for goods of all kinds destined for the interior. Here we see strings of those patient camels quietly kneeling down to receive their load of two Manchester bales, which they carry sometimes for many weary weeks, right into the interior of Syria. I was desirous of seeing the famous weeping Niobe at Ephesus. It is about 50 miles from Smyrna, and there is a slow coach railway to the immediate neighbourhood, through a land of sand and thistles—truly a donkey's paradise. The ruins of Ephesus consist mainly of Doric pillars, on the top of most of which a stork has built its nest; solemn birds, standing

on one leg, with a sort of county police court judge expression of countenance, you could almost imagine they were going to fine you 40s. and costs for trespassing. The statue of Niobe is about 30 feet high, and is carved out of the solid rock; the rock over the statue is porous, and the water, percolating through and over her face, produces the weeping Niobe—another illusion dispelled. We got back to our ship and found we had another passenger. He was an Australian; in five minutes we were acquainted with the fact that Australia is the finest country in the world, and Melbourne the finest city. He was travelling over the world on a two years' tour, and writing the history of his travels. He knew everything, and had been everywhere; he was a sort of walking encyclopædia and directory, containing useful information, but somewhat disconnected. On the Tuesday morning we anchored at the entrance of the Dardanelles. Never shall I forget the bright tranquil beauty of that morning; there was time to make a few sketches, while an officer of the ship went to get the necessary firman to pass through: on the Asiatic side, a bright little town, white buildings with red tiled roofs glistening in the sun, and a dark frowning fortress, surrounded with modern earthwork fortifications, commanding the entrance; an old bastion town on the European coast, with a castle that had braved the battle and the breeze for centuries. Through the Dardanelles—with fertile hills on either side, now and then a little village, occasionally some earthwork fortifications—smooth water, a good ship, pleasant companions—it was the perfection of sailing, on through the Sea of Marmora. We passed the Golden Horn, and anchored in the Bosphorus on Wednesday noon. The view of Constantinople from the Bosphorus is a magnificent sight, with Stamboul, Galata, and Pera on our left, Scutari and Kadikuy

on our right, the white and coloured buildings of the city rising tier above tier, interspersed with tall minarets and domes of mosques, brilliant in the sun, and here and there dark groups of cypress trees; the palaces of



THE TOWER OF PERA.

the Sultan in all their magnificence, the watch towers of Pera and Stamboul, grape vines creeping over the picturesque buildings, and trees in rich foliage in profusion—the river, busy with shipping from all nations, and the swift noiseless caiques skimming over the

water; the brilliant costumes of the sailors and landmen; the myriads of gulls, pigeons, and other birds; the clear, translucent water; the hubbub, noise, confusion, and Babel of tongues, are things never to be forgotten. I had previously spent, in the spring of 1884, a considerable time here—had many friends whom I was desirous of seeing again—and felt that confidence which is only obtained in a strange land by a knowledge of the place and of the people.

Beauty is but skin deep. The illusion is dispelled as soon as you set foot on shore. We went ashore in the hotel boat and landed at Galata. The Hotel Byzance, in Pera, was our destination. Pera is the European quarter of Constantinople; in it are the principal hotels, all the foreign embassies, the places of amusement, &c. The shops and buildings are of a European fashion, and the principal streets are lit up and guarded in the evening; it is the only quarter of Constantinople in which you can move about with safety after sunset; the hour of sunset is proclaimed from the watch-tower at Stamboul by the firing of a cannon at whatever time the sun sets, that is 12 o'clock; and, as the sun sets at a different hour each evening, it is difficult to keep time with accuracy; this is Asiatic time, so that mid-day is six o'clock. It is their custom to open the bazaars and commence business generally directly after sunrise, closing their shops and going home an hour or two before sunset. After sunset the roads are dangerous, so that, in visiting, you arrive before dark, and stay the night, returning next day by daylight. We were very hospitably entertained, invitations showering upon us faster than we could accept. You are expected to take your boots off on entering a house, but keep your hat on—an uncomfortable custom for a traveller in possession of only lace-up boots.

The road leading to Pera from the shore is steep and narrow ; it is a series of broad steps, badly paved and irregular ; there is a short railway that does this journey, that reminds one of the Righi, or the railway at Pesth, and I believe is the only railway in Constantinople that pays. With the exception of Pera, the roads are simply disgraceful ; the rain lodges in pools ; in the country it is either knee-deep in mud or in dust ; in the city there are rude pavements, generally with the gutter down the centre—the garbage and filth from each house being pitched in the street—and frequently so narrow, that if a bullock waggon or a party of *hamals*, or porters, come along with their burden, you have to find a recess to squeeze in out of the way. These *hamals* carry immense burdens ; the merchandise, bales, crates, barrels, &c., are landed in lighters from the ocean-going vessels, and put on the shore, or quays, whence they are carried by men up the hill to the bazaars—everywhere the country slopes very steeply towards the Bosphorus ; the bales are slung on poles, and say six *hamals* will carry a ton bale for a mile or two. On my first visit I was astonished at the weights they carried. I met one with a piano on his back, taking a walk of a mile or two. I made some enquiries from the merchants ; one, two, or even three cwt. is no unusual weight for them to carry, and they have been known to carry as much as 12 or 13 cwt. on their backs. We cannot leave the subject of roads without mentioning the dogs. They are ubiquitous, you may sometimes count 30 or even 40 in a small street ; they live on the garbage that is thrown out ; they are the masters of the roadway, if they lie down to sleep in a little patch of sunshine, the men walk round them or step over them. Rarely will you seen one ill treated ; it is breeding time, and there are numerous litters of puppies, the shopkeepers bringing out old boxes, &c., for them to

breed in; they never leave the street in which they are born; if a strange dog ventures over the boundary line, there is an immediate gathering of the clans, and he is roughly expelled. There are patricians and beggars amongst the dogs, one that happens to be born in a street where bakers, provision dealers, &c., abound, is fat and well fed, has a comfortable well-to-do appearance; in the next street, devoted to hardware and cobblers, he is thin, starved, and miserable—an accident of birth, promotion by merit is unknown amongst them. Stamboul is the business portion of the city, devoted to the sale of all sorts of merchandise; the bazaar is a maze, a labyrinth of vaulted passages 10 or 12 feet wide, on either side of which are open shops, the floor raised about a foot from the ground, on which the proprietor sits cross-legged, with his wares spread out temptingly round him within easy reach. Each trade has its different section: cotton goods, prints, rich silks, turbans, costumes, embroideries, slippers, jewellery, arms, and others—too many to describe; it is bewildering, and try as you will, you invariably get lost, and emerge at some unexpected outlet. The merchants, who deal largely in goods imported from here, usually occupy warehouses in the Hans. These are large squares, with the warehouses on all sides, gloomy vault-like buildings; and above them, on the next corridor, a smaller class of merchants. The shop fronts and streets are covered with awnings to exclude the sun. The place is filled with hawkers; everything saleable is hawked about the streets, and the cries of these, the howling of the dogs, the shouting of the *hamals*, and the persistent entreaties of the beggars and cripples are wearying. The town is inordinately filthy; the people stink, so does the place; the government is rotten, every official has his price. Each nationality receive and deliver their own letters. The term

government here means incompetency and corruption, Stamboul is connected with Pera and Galata by a long wooden bridge over the Sweet Waters. Who has not heard of the bridge at Pera? To stand on the bridge and watch its passengers is an education; representatives of all nations under the sun pass and repass, civilisation and barbarism—poverty and riches—wealth and rags—able-bodied and cripples—alas! too many of the latter. Dressed in every conceivable costume, or want of it, as varied as a kaleidoscope, and almost as rich in colour—a marvel of picturesqueness;—how is it that the picturesque is so closely allied with dirt? Amongst so much dirt, cleanliness is a necessity that has to be carried to excess. The homes of the better class are patterns of cleanliness. Every particle of woodwork is scrubbed; the floors and walls are as clean as soap and elbow grease will make them; the divans and curtains are either white or bright coloured print. Turkish baths are frequently indulged in. Every Sunday morning we passed there was spent in a Turkish bath; generally two connected circular buildings, with dome roofs, interspersed with numerous circular lights; the first room containing a gallery, in which are partitioned rooms with couches, where you divest yourself of your clothing; below, the washing of towels, &c., is actively going on. They are profuse in the use of towels. You enter an intermediate or connecting room of moderate heat, and, reclining on a couch, smoke a cigarette. Everybody smokes cigarettes—men, women, and children—or indulges in a narghilla. The tobacco used in a narghilla is Persian, which is so bitter that it has to be washed several times before smoking, and lighted with a live charcoal. To draw the smoke through two or three yards of tubing and a decanter of water is hard work; and the result—well, it is not worth the trouble. We get

kneaded a little here by the attendant—every bather has his attendant boy. You then enter the bath proper. It is heated with charcoal fires all round in the hollow wall. In the centre is an immense marble slab about a foot high. You lie at full length, and are kneaded and pummelled unmercifully. Your limbs are all pulled out of their sockets, and, as a sort of last piece of demoniacal cruelty, your attendant stands on your back and does a sort of Turkish war dance, supposed to strengthen your spine. I only had mine strengthened once. After this operation you go into a recess, where there are wall fountains with hot and cold water. You are rubbed down with worsted mittens; you are splashed and tormented with soap and tow; you are douched with water, and when you return to your couch you feel you have been at their mercy. The marble floors are so slippery you have not been able to move without assistance, but there is a feeling of laziness prevents you from going for anybody. The dark-skinned attendants, with scant drapery of broad blue and yellow stripes, smoking cigarettes all over the place, against the white and ochre-coloured walls, remind you that you are not at home, and you submit. You are swathed in luxurious Turkish towels, and lie down, indulge in coffee or lemonade and a smoke, and gradually recover your ordinary frame of mind, with the growing conviction that the result is worth all you have gone through. In a few days you willingly submit to the same ordeal again. There are three Sundays in Constantinople—the Mohammedan, on Fridays; the Jewish, on Saturdays; and the Christian, on Sundays. We went to see the Sultan go to mosque—he was staying at his summer palace on the shores of the Bosphorus. To give you an idea of its size—it is 132 windows in length, and the harem adjoining is 70 windows long. The number of his wives and concubines is

an unknown quantity. His eunuchs are the best dressed men in Constantinople; he, poor fellow, looks very pale and washed out. We got a glimpse of him, surrounded by his pachas and ministers. The whole of the road is lined with soldiers, the cross roads with horsemen. No one is permitted inside the streets; traffic is stopped, until his Sublimity has disappeared. There is a decent road from the palace to the mosque; it is swept and gravelled ready for his procession. His soldiers are taught to shout, "May the Sultan live a thousand years," as he passes. It is a part of their drill, you can hear them practising it as you pass their numerous barracks and parade grounds. Poor devils! I have seen them being brought in from the country, bound together with ropes, and driven with a whip. I have seen regiments with no two coats of the same pattern—some with odd shoes and boots, the majority without shoes at all, their pay in arrears, and their food of the scantiest. In the Sweet Waters there are sixteen ironclads, unmanned and going to decay. Between the European and the Asiatic sides of the Bosphorus are numerous steam ferry boats. I was surprised to hear the familiar "Ease her, stop her," &c. from the lips of the Turkish sailors. The explanation was simple. When the boats were first sent over they were manned by English sailors, and the words of command have continued in use.

I know Scutari pretty well. On my last visit, I was very hospitably and kindly entertained by an Armenian friend, at his home there, for several weeks. The Turkish cemetery contains as many bodies as the population of London—you can wander for miles amongst the tombs and gloomy cypress trees. The Mohammedan is buried upright; the tomb is always upright, and bears a replica of the head dress of the dead. The cemetery keeps extending further and further. The tombs in

the Jewish cemeteries are laid flat; and in the Christian cemeteries according to the taste of the owner. No care is taken of them; they are left to the ravages of time—the haunts of dogs and beggars. You see men prospecting for a grave for some deceased relative. If not protected by a stone, they will disturb some one else's relative to make room for their own. They are buried without coffins, bound round tightly with white cloths—the more China clay there is in the cloth the better they like it; I give this information to those people who are continually writing to the papers, protesting that over-sizing is ruining our trade abroad—they are quietly dropped in their last resting place. A strong contrast to this is our English cemetery at Scutari, walled and palisaded round, on an eminence overlooking the Bosphorus. The grass trimly cut; the graves neatly kept; an Englishman in charge; full of tombs to the memories of officers, and often their wives and some of their children; and, above all, the obelisk-shaped monument, supported by four angels, erected to the memory of the officers and men who fell in the Crimea. The inscription is in four languages—English, Turkish, French, and Italian. It runs thus:—"To the memory of the officers and men of the British Army, who, in the war against Russia in 1854, 1855, and 1856, died for their country, this monument was raised by Queen Victoria and her people. 1857." It was with solemn and reverent feelings I stood uncovered, and thought of the many valuable lives that were sacrificed and lay in this strange land. The care that is taken of their resting-place is the last tribute a nation can pay to the gallantry and courage of her sons. Almost opposite the cemetery is the barracks that were occupied by the British troops, and the hospital made memorable by Florence Nightingale and her devoted band

of nurses; around is an open space—the Baglar Basha—covered with scanty vegetation, of a large extent, which is used as a parade ground, terminating in the residential village of Cadaquey. Away to the south, in the Sea of Marmora, is the island of Prinkipo, under shelter of which the British fleet lay at anchor; and inland is a rich fertile country of gardens and vineyards, profuse in vegetation, and terminating in a range of warm coloured hills, dotted here and there with residences—a perfect Eden—bathed in the rich light of an Eastern sun. We saw the dervishes—we listened to the slow torture of Turkish music—we experienced an earthquake—we went to a fancy dress ball—we were swindled in the bazaars—we had innumerable rows, protests against imposition we called them—we witnessed an Eastern drama—and we eat things, God knows, we should shudder at here, and, strange to say, we imagined we were enjoying ourselves. We spent many pleasant evenings at the Municipal Gardens, at Pera; the gardens are thickly planted with acacia trees; they were laden with blossoms, and the ground was inches thick with the sweet-scented flowers—there was an excellent band, and some decent lager beer.

On the 1st of June, we left by the Saturno, Austrian Lloyds steamer, for Varna, on the Black Sea—the terminus of the Overland Railway. Passports are required both on entering and leaving Constantinople—and at every frontier, until reaching Austria. We several times had done the trip up the Bosphorus and back, as far as Buyukdèrè, where is the residence of the English Consul. Right opposite his house—as before mentioned, the water level here is always the same, the sea running in one direction from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean—is a steamer, with steam up, at his disposal day and night, ready prepared for any emergency. We called

here for despatches; and a few miles further on we were in rough weather, on the Black Sea. It is about twelve hours from Constantinople to Varna. You who have been at sea know what is meant by fiddle-strings on the saloon table. Knowing I should have six hours in a railway train on landing, I went to my berth. While awake I did not know whether I was lying on my back or my side—sometimes one, sometimes the other—but I got to sleep, and then it did not matter. We got to Varna about 6 a.m., on a raw, dark morning, and were landed in a most uncomfortable fashion, in small boats, through a heavy surf. We had to wait some time for the train, and I had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman well known in Manchester, who was a passenger in the same train. We travelled together through Bulgaria, and parted at Rustchuk; from there we proceeded by Danube steamer, the Carl Ludwig, to Buda-Pesth. I had, on two occasions previously, gone overland, through Servia and Roumania, staying each time at Bucharest. We were four days on the steamer. I cannot speak well of either the accommodation or the catering. The Danube is not blue—it is a wide, turbulent, frothy river, of a clayey colour, with flat sandy or mud banks, willow trees, and reeds. Presently you come to a pasture country, now and again immense flocks of sheep, or herds of cattle, or droves of pigs, with their attendant shepherd. Now and again we stopped at some little village—there are a few scattered towns. The principal production of the country seems to be chickens and children. The weather was extremely hot—the children were always in the water, bathing; the thermometer registered 90° in the shade. We got one of our Constantinople friends to put us up a hamper of provisions to eat on this journey. There were several bottles of wine, which we found useful a quantity

of oranges and other fruits, which we enjoyed; some Eastern sour bread, several boiled chickens—we could manage these—and some raw ham. How is it they eat their bacon raw in these countries? I put some ham on a piece of note paper through the porthole of the ship, and in seven minutes it was splendidly cooked in the sun, the rich gravy making even the paper succulent. This voyage was dreadful; the heat was more intense than Egypt—hot and feverish, and not a breath of air. At “Turn Severin,” the Servian frontier, we went ashore and explored the town. There was not much to explore, the place was asleep. We tried at several places to get something to eat. It is difficult to explain, in a comparatively empty establishment, without a knowledge of Volapuk, what you want. On each occasion they brought us something to drink. We got shaved here—we got shaved in every nation we visited—and the Eastern nations ought to be awarded a prize medal for superiority in shaving. Our barbers have much to learn. The steamer anchored here all night, and in the morning, at 5 a.m., we were transhipped to a much smaller steamer. It was a beautiful morning; there was a haze on the river, the sky was a bright clear yellow, with dots of grey purple clouds lit underneath with delicate orange, broad masses of strong colour in the foreground, without detail, and grey to purple-grey distances; the water reflecting the sky. It was a beautiful delicate scene, with a shimmer in it that Corot would have delighted in. At 8 o’clock we got to Orsova, the Hungarian frontier. Never shall I forget the fourteen hours on this small steamer; it was the grandest trip I ever had. The river runs through the lower Balkans—through what is called the Irongate Pass. I sat at the bow of the boat, sketch-book in hand, witnessing the changing panorama of wood, mountain, rock, and river, in a state of wonderment; the river boiling below,

frothy and turbulent; the rock and wood-covered mountains descending from their immense heights into it, every turn giving a fresh scene. At Orsova we re-embarked on a larger boat. We had some difficulty with the customs here; it is only when you get to Germany and France that you find customs' officers anything like fair. Further east they are simply parties of official robbers. We got a good meal at Orsova—they called it "vat." I do not know what it was, but the two of us got a meal of this, two beers, two wines, two shaves, and a two-horse carriage for three francs—and they were charging us seven francs each for a very indifferent dinner, on the boat. At Orsova is a triangle of poplars planted by Kossuth, at the apex of which is a chapel. We left Orsova in the evening. The country here gets thickly wooded and more populated. We began to pass those flour mills on the Danube, which are made by two boats being anchored in the stream, and between the two a large turbine wheel perpetually revolving with the stream. Our boat had been covered up to now with canvas awnings. With scarcely any warning, a storm sprang up, with flashes of lightning similar to what we saw in the Mediterranean, and the awnings were instantly ripped into shreds; the air seemed charged with electricity, and we arrived at Buda-Pesth in a drenching storm. This was the first rain we had experienced since leaving England, and for several days during our stay at Pesth it continued at intervals with great violence, and doing considerable damage. Buda-Pesth is a charming continental city. The Danube here is a noble river, thronged with shipping. On one side is the old Turkish town of Buda, the heights of which are crowned with a long straggling fortress; on the other the comparatively new city of Pesth, connected by several handsome bridges and numerous steam ferries. It is noted for its hot

mineral springs, over which handsome baths are erected. The people are contented-looking, and take life easily. Wages are good; work is plentiful; provisions are cheap. Unskilled labour is done, as in Austria and Germany, by women. The Hungarians are a small sturdy race of people. The conscription is compulsory—every male serving in the army on attaining the age of twenty-one for three years, at one penny per day; after that, seven years in the reserve; and after that, until the age of fifty-five, in the Landwehr, or Landsturm—so that, in case of need, the whole population between twenty-one and fifty-five years of age are liable for service. The principal buildings—the Bourse, Opera House, Royal residence, Cathedral—are of great size and architectural beauty. The Boulevards are very wide, and planted with trees. It has many public museums and picture galleries, notably the Esterhazy Gallery—a bronze statue of Munkácsy, the painter of "Christ before Pilate," occupies a prominent position in this gallery. They are proud of their capital. There is a new boulevard in course of construction which bids fair to outshine the rest. The Government offer a prize of 20,000 florins, and nineteen other prizes, for the handsomest building erected on it, and thirty years free from ground rent. Is it any wonder that the city is a handsome one? The climate is everything that could be desired. There are numerous gardens and parks, open-air cafés—they are very fond of music—and almost every place of public resort has an excellent band. Hungarian music is very weird and wild, with a melancholy strain running through it, characteristic of the wildness of the mountains, and the melancholy of solitude. From Buda-Pesth to Vienna is only four hours by rail. Here, at the Emperor's residence, the finest brass band in the world plays every day, at noon, while the soldiers are changing guard, and the Emperor shows him-

self at a window, and acknowledges the salutes of the subjects. There is a small tax on every vehicle entering the city, and, as the stations are outside the boundary, it is imposed on every traveller who has occasion to take a cab. The main feature of Vienna is the Ringstrasse—the principal street of the city. In other respects it is a second Paris. From Vienna to Munich is twelve hours. We pass Salzburg, on the Bavarian frontier; I regret very much not staying there. For anyone in search of grand mountain scenery, let me suggest Salzburg. I hope some time to be able to explore it fully, from Munich to Strasburg, and on to Paris—Paris to London, and back to smoky but hospitable Manchester. There was much to see, and much more to tell than can be compressed in the time allowed for this paper. I have had to be brief, giving a bare outline of my impressions, and confining myself more to Eastern than to Continental experiences.





LAKE LEMAN AND ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY CHAS. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN.

"Lake Lemman woos me with her crystal face."—*Childe Harold*.

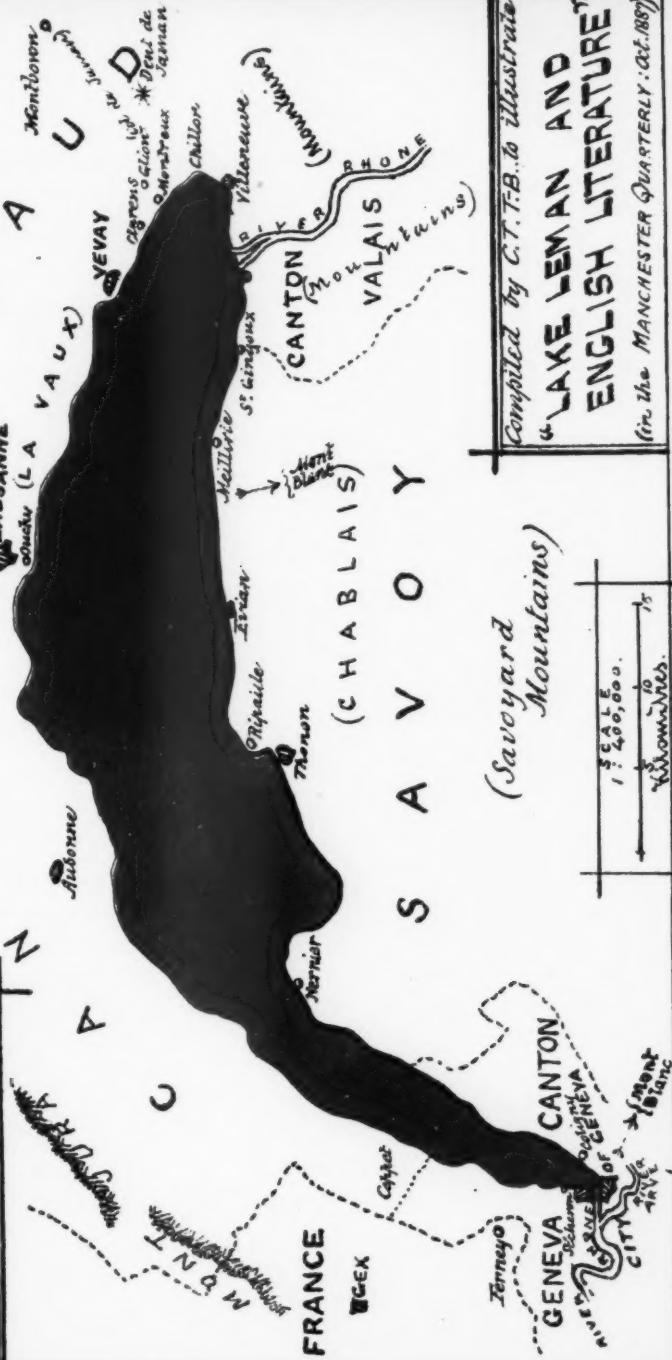
SHAKESPEARE, full of Italy, nowhere refers to Switzerland—or, indeed, (except in one well-known alliterative instance, "the Alps and Apennines") to even the glorious Alps, wide-spread and unnationalized; and yet Switzerland, after its transalpine neighbour, Italy, has inspired both poet and painter (and, possibly, both dramatist and essayist, of the higher order), more than has any other country in the western world. We must, however, bear in mind that, in Shakespeare's time, and for more than a century and a half afterwards, Switzerland was *terra incognita* to the ordinary traveller, and was certainly not comprised in the English gentleman's European "grand tour." The tourist from England to Italy either travelled by water to Genoa, or to some other northern port in the peninsula, or else crossed the Alps from Southern France, or (as Sir Philip Sidney, no doubt, did) from western Austria. Not till the Swiss ramble was, about the end of last century, "tacked on" to the Rhine trip, or to the visit to Geneva, were the Swiss mountains and Swiss lakes made "the playground of Europe," and in consequence a favourite theme for the English pen and pencil. The characteristic difference between Italy and Switzerland, as scenes of travel, is pointedly shown by Dr. Cheever in his *Wanderings of a Pilgrim*. "You have," he says, "nature in Switzerland and art in Italy. The transition is great, from cloud and snow-capped mountains and thundering water-

ERRATUM.—*Lake Lemna, &c.*: On page 356, line 5, in place of the clause in the parenthesis, read "(except in three or four casual instances)."

SKETCH MAP

XUM

SKETCH MAP OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA:



falls to the ribbed chapels and aisles of cathedrals, with saints and angels sculptured upon slender spires, and the organ solemnly pealing."

Among the distinguished visitors to the neighbourhood of Geneva and its lake, there need here be only enumerated the following, all of whom will, in this paper, receive special notice in connection with their visits to such neighbourhood:—Milton, Coverdale, Foxe, Addison, Wortley-Montagu, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Gray, Coxe (the historian), Byron, Shelley, Moore, Rogers, Bowles, Helen Williams, and Lewis, while Izaak Walton, James Thomson (if he was not also an actual visitor to Geneva), Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and other writers, may be mentioned as having, by references in their writings, a slighter, though important, association with the lake.

Neither Milton nor Addison derived apparently any poetical inspiration from the scenery of the lake—probably because each was, on reaching the place, too influenced by his experiences of Italy, and each still profoundly affected, one by his touching bereavement, and the other by his wonderful escape—though each of those great writers was for some time busy with his pen in the congenial city of Geneva. Shelley was, as his *Journal* and *Letters* show, deeply moved by the natural beauties of the locality, but makes no direct allusion to them in any of his poems; while Byron, Moore, and Rogers rush forth into eloquent song under the immediate and expressed influence of the fascinating scene. Byron—now the great genius of the place—moved as much by the high literary (chiefly French) associations of the lake, as by its natural loveliness, chants forth, in stately sonnet, that glowing panegyric:—

Rousseau—Voltaire—our Gibbon and De Stael—

Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,

Thy shore of names like these! wert thou no more,

Their memory thy remembrance would recall:

To them thy banks were lovely, as to all,
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*,
 How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
 Which of the heirs of immortality
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

—Byron's *Sonnet to Lake Lemman*.

Lake Lemman, or the Lake of Geneva, as it is often called, is the largest, and, in many aspects, the most beautiful lake in Switzerland. It is even said—and that by some of the most cultured and tasteful continental travellers of all nationalities—to be the loveliest lake in central or in southern Europe.

Formed by the rapid Rhone—whose waters enter the wide valley, rolling like a group of foul and graceless malkins in a muddy, turbid mass, and leave it, gliding like a band of purest fairies, in a rushing stream of brightest, clearest blue—the lake extends, in crescent form from east to west, a length of (roughly) 50 miles, and washing, as its northern (convex) bank the southern limits of west Switzerland, and as the greater portion of its southern (concave) shore the “Haute” department of Savoy. Ten miles is, in round numbers, the greatest distance separating the two shores. On the north-east, the east, and the south-east, the lake is bordered by high and rugged mountains; while on the north-west shore it is fringed by modest hills and gradual slopes, forming a graceful country of corn-fields and vineyards.

ADDISON—the earliest writer, among English men of letters, whom I know to have given a description of the lake—has, in his *Remarks on several parts of Italy, &c., in the years 1701, 1702, 1703*, a chapter on “Geneva and the Lake,” as well as one on “Switzerland.” From the

former I will quote his words, where, describing the view from Geneva, he says:—"On one side [the left] you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of Mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other, huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake. . . . This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks."

COXE, the historian, who describes* Lake Lemane as "this magnificent piece of water," says, in reference to it, "Savoy affords a rude and awful boundary of aspiring alps, craggy, and covered with the ice of ages. The country, from Geneva to the environs of Lausanne, slopes for a considerable way to the margin of the lake, and is enriched with all the varieties which Nature can bestow. The long ridge of the Jura, fertile in pasturage, and varied with woods, backs this beautiful tract."

Dr. WILLIAM BEATTIE, at page 6 of the second volume of his illustrated *Switzerland*, graphically and truthfully describes the general appearance of the lake as seen from the neighbouring heights of the Jura—that point of view from which Rousseau sketched his well-known panegyric of the lake,—"*Ce paysage unique! le plus beau dont l'œil humain fut jamais frappé.*"

INGLIS, that most graceful writer of travels, is eloquent when describing† the view of the lake from the well-known vantag-ground of Montreux churchyard. "The lake," he

* *Travels in Switzerland*. By Wm. Coxe, 1789, &c. Vol. II.

† *Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees*. By H. D. Inglis, 1837.

says, "dappled with the thousand hues of evening, lay stretched below; all its wooded bays and creeks, and little promontories, standing out in fine relief, touched by the golden light of evening. The great mountains of the Vallais, towering into the serene sky, had covered themselves with their brightest vestment; for the gorgeous west streamed upon their pinnacles and fields of snow, veiling its purity in a robe of pale carnation."

Our MARY HOWITT* thus renders a Swedish lady's word-picture drawn not far from the same spot: "The sun was near its setting, when, from a height, and at a great distance still, I saw, deeply imbedded in a circle of verdant shore and lofty alps, the celebrated lake, which history at its commencement says was wholly veiled by fogs, and surrounded by dense forests, whence it took the name of 'The Lake of the Desert' (Leman), and which afterwards, in the light of the sun and civilisation, has become a rendezvous for the whole refined travelling world of Europe."

The most exhaustive description of the natural features of the lake, and of its surroundings is, however, given in FENIMORE COOPER'S *Headsman*,† a powerful tale, the scene of the principal incidents in which is laid on the shores of the lake, and in the seventh chapter of which is written a masterly account of a tempest on Leman's oft-treacherous waters. A still more powerful tale has its incidents placed in the same district—the awful tale of *Frankenstein*; but that book I will mention more particularly at a later stage.

The poetess, HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, whose name is made most familiar to us by Wordsworth having in admiration committed a sonnet of hers to memory, thus‡

* *Two Years in Switzerland and Italy.* By Fredrika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt.

† *The Headsman; or, The Abbaye des Vignerons.* A Tale. (Lond. Rich. Bentley, 1842.)

‡ *A Tour in Switzerland.* 1798.

writes, after affording us a graphic description of the *Pays de Vaud*. "We left these Arcadian vales, and ascended the chain of hills that encircle the Lake of Geneva, where, in strong contrast to the mild picture of the *Pays de Vaud*, we gazed once more on rocks and mountains, rudely hanging over the opposite banks of the lake, and whose tops were whitened by newly fallen snow. In the background rose the Alps, covered with their unvaried shroud. As we descended the hills, we beheld the spacious lake, stretching its ample waters along the base of this ridge of mountains, far as the eye could reach; and our path to Lausanne, leading along vine-covered hills, and displaying at one view the luxuriant charms of beauty and the awful wildness of terrific grandeur, furnished all those combinations of imagery which crowd the dreams of the poet."

One poet—the poet GRAY—whose lines, whatever were his "dreams," we know to be rich in the fairest "imagery," has some noteworthy references (though only in prose) to Lake Lemman. In his letter, dated Oct. 25 (N.S.), 1739,* and addressed to his father, he, after giving some account of his week's stay in the neighbourhood, writes: "The beautiful lake, at one end of which the town [Geneva] is situated, its extent, the several states that border upon it, and all its pleasures, are too well known for me to mention them. We sailed upon it as far as the dominions of Geneva extend—that is, about two leagues and a half on each side—and landed at the several little houses of pleasure that the inhabitants have built all about it, who received us with much politeness. The same night we ate part of a trout, taken in the lake, that weighed 37 pounds. As great a monster as it appeared to us, it was esteemed

* *Letters of Thomas Gray.*

there nothing extraordinary, and they assured us it was not uncommon to catch them of 50 pounds."

The mention of trout sets us thinking of ISAAK WALTON, and, strange to say, that worthy has something to say* of our lake.

"It is well known," he writes, "that in the Lake Leman, the lake of Geneva, there are trouts taken of three cubics long, as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit [and, he might have added, a distinguished *savant* and man of letters resident on the north bank of the lake]; and Mercator says, the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city." And, again, "the French, which call the chub *un vilain*, call the umber of the Lake Leman *un umble chevalier*."

The poet, THOMSON—who in 1731 travelled in Switzerland among other parts of Europe, "calling at the chief capitals," and who, no doubt, visited Geneva, though I have no direct evidence of such a visit—records in his poem of "Liberty"—

From lakes and meads, and furrow'd fields
Chief where the LEMAN pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,
Cities of brothers form'd : while equal Life,
Accorded gracious with revolving Power
Maintains them free.

Another poet, ROGERS, has, in his "Italy,"† an opening canto on "the Lake of Geneva," from which I extract the following few verses:—

Day glimmered, and I went, a gentle breeze
Ruffling the Leman Lake. Wave after wave,
If such they might be called, dashed as in sport,
Not anger, with the pebbles on the beach
Making wild music, and far westward caught
The sunbeam.

* *The Complete Angler*, Chap. IV.

† *Italy : a Poem*. By Samuel Rogers, 1830.

Then, after a reference to Bernard of Clairvaux,—

. him of old.
 Who thro' the day pursued the pleasant path
 That winds beside the mirror of all beauty;
 And, when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sat,
 Discoursing of the Lake, asked where it was. [!]
 They marvelled, as they might; and so must all,
 Seeing what now I saw.

In one of his notes to this poem, Rogers, in alluding to his expression, "mirror of beauty," as applied to the Lake, says that this mirror "there is no describing in words," but that the additional lines (he in this note gives us) "were written on the spot, and may serve perhaps to recall to some of my readers what they have seen in this enchanting country."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in the Preface to his *Memoirs of Moore*,* says (to illustrate the poet's "sensibility to happy and affecting emotions")—"I shall never forget the day when I hurried him on from a post-house in the Jura Mountains, to get a first view of the Alps at sunset, and on coming up to him found him speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc." Moore's own version of this incident (of the 22nd September, 1819) is given, in prose, at page 13 of the third volume of his *Journal*. We have also his account in verse. ("Extract I." from his *Rhymes on the Road*, p. 279.) The following extracts will suffice:—

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
 His last and best, when I ran on,
 Anxious to reach that splendid view,
 Before the day-beams quite withdrew;

.
 Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's power,
 To stay the brightness of that hour!

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, 1853, 8 Vols.

That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a godhead's dwelling.

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God, e'er doubt Thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality !

Grand as is that song, and skilled as is its singer, I have yet a loftier strain, and from a greater poet. Moore is one of our most delightful lyrists, but his fame will never reach the fame of BYRON. Byron! what does not Leman owe to thee? And Leman! who can but love the lake that gave such mighty inspiration to our Byron?

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face.*

[Yes, erring poet, and wooed thee from a selfish life, from charms that thou didst deeply wrong, and pleasures that were wrecking thee, to seek communion with a nobler sphere, a higher life; but ah, how oft, how soon, the lovely lake wooed thee in vain!]

The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace,
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.†

* "Childe Harold," Canto III., Stanza 68.

† "Childe Harold," Canto III., Stanza 85.

This touching reference to a "sister's voice" recalls to us that pathetic "Epistle to Augusta," addressed to the poet's much-loved sister, and written on the shores of the Leman lake:—

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation ;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire.
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,
By the old Hall, which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,
Ere that, or thou, can fade these eyes before ;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever or divided far.

Most of the Third Canto of "Childe Harold" treats of the Lake of Geneva, or of places bordering on that lake, or of literary associations with some of those places, or of the poet's own philosophic musings while sailing over the lake's fair surface, or wandering by its charming shores. These references cover the length of 50 stanzas, or 450 lines, viz., from the 68th to the last—the 118th—stanza, being thus, of course, too numerous, as also too well known, to quote here. I wish, however, to enforce the fact, that in these stanzas Byron appears at his best in moral and philosophical teaching or musing. How is it? Is the locality a *source*, as well as a scene, of his inspiration? Do not the following lines (98th stanza) answer this inquiry?

. we may resume
 The march of our existence : and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

MARY SHELLEY—I prefer that name to Mary Godwin—in a letter* written from the hotel (Dejean's Hôtel de l'Angleterre, at Sécheron, a small suburb of Geneva, to be hereafter particularly noticed), at which she and her husband were staying in May, 1816, reminds her correspondent of Shelley's and her own "attachment to water-excursions." "We have," she writes, "hired a boat, and every evening at about six o'clock we sail on the lake, which is delightful, whether we glide over a glassy surface or are speeded along by a strong wind. . . . Twilight here is of short duration, but we at present enjoy the benefit of an increasing moon, and seldom return until ten o'clock, when, as we approach the shore, we are saluted by the delightful scent of flowers and new-mown grass, and the chirp of the grasshoppers, and the song of the evening birds." This gives us a delightful glimpse of one of the most interesting incidents in poor Shelley's chequered life. Other pastimes are recorded, then the gifted writer tells us something of her own bright self—her own feelings and experiences on Lake Lemman's shores. "I feel," she says, "as happy as a new-fledged bird, and hardly care what twig I fly to, so that I may try my new-found wings. A more experienced bird may be more difficult in its choice of a bower; but, in my present temper of mind, the budding flowers, the fresh grass of spring, and the happy creatures about me that live and enjoy these pleasures, are quite enough to afford me exquisite delight, even though clouds should shut out Mont Blanc from my sight."

Shelley and Byron together seem to have made in that memorable year of 1816 an entire tour of the lake, by coasting in a little sailing boat. The following places are mentioned in Shelley's journal and letters:—Coligny (to be

* Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, Vol. II. pp. 10 and 11.

particularly noticed); the little village of Nernier (where they gazed forth from the shore upon "purple and misty waters broken by the craggy islets"); Evian (whence Shelley wrote one of his important letters to Godwin, printed in Dowden's *Life*); Meillerie, also to be particularly noticed (where happened the famous incident of the violent storm, which nearly overwhelmed both poets); St. Gingoux (where, Shelley says, "I gathered in these meadows a nosegay of such flowers as I never saw in England, and which I thought more beautiful for that rarity"); the meeting place of the Rhone with the lake ("mid scenery of surpassing beauty"); Chillon, Clarens (where Shelley "read 'Julie' all day, an overflowing, as it now seems—surrounded by the scenes which it has so wonderfully peopled—of sublimest genius and more than human sensibility"); Vevay, Ouchy, and Lausanne (where, Shelley says, "my companion gathered some acacia leaves to preserve in remembrance" of Gibbon). These five last-mentioned celebrated places will all require and shall receive more lengthened treatment in my paper. The famous lake voyage terminated on the 2nd of July, 1816. It was the detention of the voyagers "by stress of weather," in a little inn at Ouchy that gave us Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon."

During this lake-voyage, "Shelley wrote no poetry"—as far as his biographer was aware—"but his mind was open to every appeal of beauty or sublimity." In connection with this important statement, another should here be noticed, viz., that it was the poet's "thought and mission, in the presence of the landscape of Switzerland" (chiefly in view of Mont Blanc), that inspired not only his poem, "Mont Blanc," but also his noble "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," which latter was "possibly . . . conceived during the lake-voyage with Byron."

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past—there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
 Thus let my power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

The origin of Mary Shelley's tale of *Frankenstein* is most powerfully shown by Shelley's biographer, who describes how the author, after an evening of short storytelling with Byron and others, "lay sleepless, while moonlight struggled through the closed shutters of her bedroom, and she seemed to be aware of the lake and high white Alps beyond. But nearer than Alps or lake was the persecuting phantom of a pale student of the unhallowed arts engaged in creating a man-monster, at last endowed with life, and the shame and terror of the artist who had brought him into being." I need not remind you that much of the scenery of *Frankenstein* is "that of Geneva, its lake, the high banks of Belrive, Sécheron, the mountains of Jura, and the Alps of Savoy."

Having thus dealt with the more important references in English literature to the lake itself, and its surroundings generally, I will now, with your permission, ask you to form yourselves—by imagination—into a kind of "Literary Tourists' or Literary Pilgrims' Band," and to follow me in a fancied pilgrimage round this famous lake. We will start at

COLIGNY,

a couple of miles distant from the City of Geneva, and on the south side of the lake. Here we are, as Englishmen, on veritable "holy," as well as classic, "ground." MILTON,

on his way from Italy, by (in his own words) "Verona and Milan and the Pennine Alps, and then by the Lake Lemman," made for a time his home in Geneva, paying constant visits to the villa, or country house, at Coligny, of the learned Dr. John Diodati, uncle of the poet's school-fellow and bosom friend, Charles Diodati. It was, it will be remembered, to this Charles Diodati that the then youthful poet, at school, declined to write in verses, as he "loved him too much;" and it was to his memory that he penned, in Italy and in the Italian language, that famous sonnet bearing Diodati's name.

From Milton to Byron is a long step in time; but there is, in Coligny, a strange link between the two great poets. It was at this same country-house, called "Villa Diodati," or "Campagne Diodati," after its eminent proprietor of nearly two centuries before—that Byron settled, for about half a year, after his few weeks' stay at the Hôtel, at Sécheron, about equidistant from Geneva, on the other side of the city, and the other side of the lake. It was at Coligny that Byron composed his "Manfred," the third canto of "Childe Harold," "The Dream," "Darkness," "Churchill's Grave," "Prometheus," "The Monody," &c. In the poet's journal, from which Moore has published so many extracts, in his *Life* of the poet, we find interesting records of Byron's rambles by the shore of the lake. In some of his excursions he appears to have used the country carriages, known as *chars-d-banc*, his servants being on horseback; at other times he would use his favourite means of transit—the boat; and occasionally he tramped on foot, but this very seldom. In one of his quiet moments, at Coligny, the poet writes:—

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake.

I can see

Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

Again, after referring in eloquent verse to Rousseau and Voltaire and some of their best known productions, he says:—

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

What must we think of scenery which prompts a strain like that from England's wayward bard—her gloomy, sensual prodigal!

It was here, at Coligny, that Shelley, with his Mary, and the other members of his household, settled, after leaving, for reasons of economy, the expensive hotel at which he had been staying at Sécheron. The cottage they took, known as "Campagne Chapuis," or "Campagne Mont Alègre," was, Professor Dowden tells us, "separated from the water's edge only by a small garden overgrown by trees," and "stood some five or eight minutes walk below the Villa Diodati." "The vineyard lay between the villa and Shelley's cottage, with a narrow winding lane leading from the upper house to the terrace and the little harbour where lay the boat at her moorings." "The spot," writes Medwin (who visited it in 1818), was "one of the most sequestered on the lake, and almost hidden by a grove of umbrageous forest trees, as is a bird's-nest among leaves."

The way in which Byron and Shelley became acquainted—and intimately acquainted—is well known,

and need not be mentioned here: nor need I more than remind you of the oft-quoted record, how, after a sail together, the party (consisting of the two households) would land for a walk on the shore, and Byron would "loiter behind the rest, lazily trailing his sword-stick along and moulding, as he went, his thronging thoughts into shape". and how "often, too, when in the boat, he would lean abstractedly over the side, and surrender himself up in silence to the same absorbing taste."* But we must hasten on to

GENEVA,

closely associated with English literature by four links; first, and foremost, the local splendid view of Mont Blanc; secondly, the City's and the City-state's political history; thirdly, the roll of visitors to this centre of European cultured thought and life; and lastly, the Reformation.

I will deal with these links in inverse order. "MILES COVERDALE" is a name that stands high as well as early in the history of our language,—if for nothing else, for the learned Bishop's share in the famous Genevan translation of the Bible. The Parker Society has published an interesting letter, dated 26th March, 1548, from Coverdale to John Calvin, accompanied, it appears, by a little present to the Genevan Puritan, viz.: a translation into Latin (hastily effected by Coverdale himself) of "The Order of the Communion," then recently issued by King Edward VI.—a letter in which the Englishman says that "when I understood the godly bearer of this letter to be a townsman of yours, I thought I should gratify your reverence by sending you this trifling present." Among the list of other English Reformers, for a time resident in Geneva, I need

* Moore's *Life*.

only mention one—Foxe, the Martyrologist—the only one of them whom we associate at all with English literature proper.

Milton spent a fortnight in the neighbourhood of Geneva (Masson's *Life*), and seems to have formed several friendships there; his frequent host, Dr. Diodati, being, however, the most distinguished and most interesting of the poet's local friends.* This was in the year 1639, when, Milton himself tells us, "at Geneva I was daily in the society of John Diodati, the most learned Professor of Theology."

A later interesting association between Milton and Geneva is afforded by the famous Latin letter composed and penned by the poet, and signed by the powerful Cromwell, which letter Spon refers to and quotes in his *History of Geneva*†:—"Aug. 9, 1655.—The *Genevoises* received a Letter from *Cromwel*, written in the *Latin* tongue," &c.

Addison, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Gray, Coxe, Rogers, and Moore, beside Byron and Shelley, are a few of the many English men of letters who have visited Geneva, and given us their impressions of the place.

GRAY gives a good description of the town and neighbourhood in the letter I have already quoted from, dated in 1739, but being in prose, and rather prosy prose, I will not transcribe it.

GOLDSMITH started in February, 1755, for that twelve months' journey which "The Traveller" has immortalised.

* One introduction Milton had here was to a resident Neapolitan nobleman, named Cardonin, or Cerdogni, the ladies of whose family kept (Masson tells us), an album, in which they collected autographs of visitors, and especially of English visitors, to the city; many Englishmen, predecessors of Milton in the continental town, had written their signatures in it, and, among them, no less a man than Wentworth [Earl of Strafford]. Milton is asked for his, and writes, characteristically, as follows:—

"If virtue feeble were,

Heaven itself would stoop to her."

"Cælum, non animum, muto, dum trans mare curro."

June 10, 1639. Joannes Miltonius, Anglus.

† *The History of Geneva*, by Spon. Book IV., p. 159.

"For the route he took, the nature of his adventures, and the course of thought they suggested, it is," says Forster, his biographer,* "necessary to resort for the most part to his published writings. His letters of the time have perished." We know that he was back in England on the 1st February, 1756, and that, after travelling through France, he rested for a time at Geneva, making that city his centre while making a tour among the Alps. He was there at the time when Voltaire had settled in his newly-purchased house of *Les Délices*. Here Goldsmith was a welcome visitor, and in a letter to the *Public Ledger*, Goldsmith narrates an anecdote of the visit. He also, in his unfinished *Life of Voltaire*, gives an account of the famous Frenchman's conversation and appearance. Written in Switzerland, most likely at Geneva, Goldsmith sent off to his brother Henry, Forster tells us, "eighty lines of verse," which were afterwards published in "The Traveller":—

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU spent over a month at Geneva in 1741, and has recorded her impressions in three letters to her husband, dated respectively October 12, November 5, and November 30, in that year. She says in one letter—" 'Tis true, as all equipages are forbidden, that expense is entirely retrenched. I have been visited this morning by some of the chiefs of the town, who seem extremely good sort of people, which is their general character, very desirous of attracting strangers to inhabit with them, and consequently very officious in all they imagine can please them. The way of living is absolutely

* Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*.

the reverse of that in Italy. *Here* is no show, and a great deal of eating; *there* is all the magnificence imaginable, and no dinners but on particular occasions"; and, in another, "The people here are very well to be liked, and this little republic has an air of the simplicity of old Rome in its earliest age. The magistrates toil with their own hands, and their wives literally dress their dinners against their return from their little senate."

MOORE, whose (prose) "Journal" has numerous entries relating to his stay at Geneva, refers on one occasion to his (on his return from Ferney) seeing "Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful."

"Before SHELLEY left Geneva for England," says Dowden, "he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Byron's guest, MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, long known to him through his *Tales of Wonder*, *The Monk*, and other writings in prose and verse." Lewis' well-known remarkable codicil, forbidding the sale of slaves, was signed at Geneva on the 20th August, 1814, the witnesses being Byron, Shelley and Polidori.

The best prose description I have met with of the view (from Geneva) of Mont Blanc's summit is that of Dr. Cheever, in his *Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of the Mont Blanc*, where the writer becomes extremely eloquent. It is certainly a grand sight.

Sings Shelley—

Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene.
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock.

And Coleridge—

Thou, most awful form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black :
 An ebon mass
 And all night visited by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink ;
 Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald.

Among the poets who have been inspired by Mont Blanc's hoary head (so well seen from Geneva), I need only mention, beside Coleridge (see his glorious "Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni"), Shelley (see his "Mont Blanc"), Rogers (see his "Italy"), and Moore (see "Extract No. 1" of his "Roadside Rhymes," where is a fine address to "Mighty Mont Blanc," and "Extract No. 3" of the same work, where he writes—

Mont Blanc, like a vision, then suddenly rais'd
 On the wreck of the sunset—and all his array
 Of high-towering Alps, touch'd still with a light
 Far holier, purer than that of the Day,
 As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright !

This latter poet has also written, in verse, "The Fate of Geneva in the year 1782, a fragment" ("Extract No. 2").

But we must hasten on. Turning our attention northwards, we catch sight of the neighbouring Jura Mountains, gradually growing in height and grandeur as they extend northwards—those Jura Mountains which Ruskin has so eloquently described in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

The little Genevan suburb of SÉCHERON first attracts us, for it was at the hotel here that Byron joined Shelley, and overstayed the latter poet by about a fortnight. During this fortnight, though the weather, Moore tells us, "had changed, and was become windy and cloudy, he every evening crossed the lake, with Polidori, to visit them" and,

"as he returned over the darkened waters, the wind, from far across, bore us his voice, singing the Tyrolese song of Liberty."

FERNEY—"Ferneŷ, far ŷouth, ŷilent and empty now" (Rogers)—five miles north of Geneva, is ŷlightly out of our way, and we muŷt look up only from a diŷtance at Voltaire's home for nearly twenty years, whence he with delight would gaze upon Lake Lemane—the lake of which he vauntingly wrote, to immortality, "Mon lac eŷt le premier." Here were ŷhown the ŷeals and autographs of Gray and Gibbon, who had in turn viŷited the diŷtinguiŷhed place.

COPPET—

Or Coppet, and that dark untrodden grove
Sacred to Virtue, and a daughter's love.—*Rogers.*

which France alŷo loves to honour, as the home of Madame de Staël, lies on our route; and here we learn of the pilgrimages thither of famous English men of letters in both centuries. AUBONNE, next to be ŷeen, "commands," in Byron's opinion, "by far the faireŷt view of the Lake of Geneva." OUCHY, already mentioned, aŷŷociated with Byron and Shelley, and with Moore and Rogers, is well known as the port of the better known City of

LAUSANNE,

ŷo cloŷely identified with the literary life of the great GIBBON.

Lausanne, where Gibbon, in his ŷheltered walk,
Nightly called up the ŷhade of ancient Rome.—*Rogers.*

Strange to ŷay, in none of Gibbon's letters or published works is there any deŷcription or opinion of Lausanne as a city—unleŷs we except his "unhandŷome town" in one of his early memoranda—or of the lovely lake below; in fact, there is ŷcarcely a reference to the latter. Occasionally a general alluŷion to the "noble proŷpect," or "the beauty of the country,"

shows that the historian was not *quite* impervious to the delights of Nature. There is no doubt that he loved, and loved very deeply, the town, and the associations of the town, which he had made his home: his letters and journal clearly show this. Lausanne has been described by many English writers—so has the lake, as seen from the city—but Dr. Beattie's word-pictures, at pp. 143-4-6 and 7 of his second volume already referred-to, are, in my judgment, the most vivid and realistic. At Lausanne, in the quiet cemetery, you are shown the grave of John Philip Kemble, the celebrated delineator of Shakespeare's characters, and interpreter of his dramatic works; but the prevailing genius is clearly "Gibbon"—"Gibbon" everywhere. I have waded through, I think, the whole of Gibbon's *Journal* and *Letters*, published by Lord Sheffield in 1796, but found nothing of moment or interest (connecting the great writer with the city of his adoption) that is not incorporated in that delightful little book, *Gibbon*, by Professor Morison ("English Men of Letters" series).

I will quote Mr. Morison once, and Gibbon himself once, and ask you to resume our pilgrimage, reserving Gibbon's interesting *Life* for quiet home reading.

"Gibbon's residence at Lausanne was a memorable epoch in his life, on two grounds. Firstly, it was during the first five years he spent there that he laid the foundations of that deep and extensive learning by which he was afterwards distinguished. Secondly, the foreign education he there received, at the critical period when the youth passes into the man, gave a permanent bent to his mind, and made him a continental European rather than an insular Englishman—two highly important factors in his intellectual growth."—*Morison*.

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception [of the famous *History*]: I shall now commemorate the

hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate—the sky was serene—the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame.”—*Gibbon*.

Gibbon's accounts of his acquaintanceship with Voltaire are very interesting, particularly when he records “the highest gratification” he “derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne,” viz., “the uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage.”

The poet, BOWLES, in his “Sorrows of Switzerland,” after a reference to that genius of Geneva, Rousseau, in which he describes the “troubled spirit” of the philosopher passing and surveying his “ravaged country,” and—

Are these the fruits, he said or seemed to say,
Of those high energies of raptured thought,
That proud philosophy my precepts taught”—

thus alludes to Gibbon :—

Thou, too, whilst pondering History's vast plan,
Did'st sit by the clear waters of Lausanne ;
(What time Imperial Rome rose to thy view,
And thy bold hand her mighty image drew),
Thou, too, methinks, as the sad wrecks extend,
Dost seem in sorrow o'er the scene to bend.

With steady eye and penetrating mind,
Thou hast surveyed the toil of human kind ;
Hast marked Ambition's march and fiery car,
And thousands shouting in the fields of war.
But direr woes might ne'er a sigh demand,
Than those of hapless, injured Switzerland.

BYRON, in stanza 105 of the third canto of "Childe Harold," thus, you will remember, apostrophises—

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name ;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame.

We continue our pilgrimage eastwards, through VEVAY, the most beautiful town in the Pays de Vaud, "Vevay, so long an exiled patriot's [Ludlow's] home" (Rogers), past CLARENS—"Clarens! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep love," to which Byron devotes several stanzas (particularly 99 to 101 and 104 of the work last mentioned):—

. . . 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.

and reach CHILLON. Here we must pause a while. "The Castle of Chillon!" Who is not quite as familiar with that name, and with the scene it represents, as he is with his own native place? Who has not seen Chillon? We pause only to re-peruse the immortal "Sonnet on Chillon," and that noble song, "The Prisoner of Chillon," which tells us that—

Lake Lemane lies by Chillon's walls ;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow :
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement.

I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow.

[Stanza xiii.]

We visit the famous dungeon—

Or Chillon's dungeon-floors beneath the wave,
Channelled and worn by pacing to and fro. (Rogers.)

and inspect the chiselled autograph, "Byron," on one of those massive rounded columns in this ancient, dreary, prison house.

Above CHILLON the *Dent de Jaman*—"Ah, Jaman! delicately tall above his sun-warm'd firs" (Arnold)—rears its lofty head, overshadowing the charming *Col de Jaman*—that "gentian-flower'd pass, its crown with yellow spires aflame;" a mountain and a pathway so often referred to by MATTHEW ARNOLD in his two poems, "In memory of the author of *Obermann*," and "*Obermann* once more."

How often, where the slopes are green
On Jaman, hast thou sate
By some high chalet-door, and seen
The summer-day grow late.

Lake Leman's waters, far below!

Farewell!—Whether thou now liest near
That much-loved inland sea,
The ripples of whose blue waves cheer
Vevay and Meillerie.

("In memory," &c.)

The cone of Jaman, pale and grey,
See in the blue profound.

Soft darkness on the turf did lie
Solemn, o'er hut and wood,
In the yet star-sown nightly sky,
The peak of Jaman stood.

And glorious there, without a sound,
Across the glimmering lake,
High in the Valais-depth profound
I saw the morning break.

("Obermann," &c.)

(GLION, also several times mentioned by Mr. Arnold, in the same poems, and in his notes thereto, is a small place, situate at a considerable elevation immediately above

Montreux). With reference to Jaman, Byron, recording in his journal the passage he made (Sept. 19, 1816) over the *Col*, from Clarens to Montbovon, pronounces the whole route "beautiful as a dream." He writes:—

The view from the highest points . . . comprised, on one side, the greater part of Lake Lemman; on the other, the valleys and mountains of the Canton of Freiburg, and an immense plain, with the lakes of Neuchatel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit. . . . The music of the cows' bells . . . in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds, when the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor. . . . This was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. . . . I have lately re-peopled my mind with nature.

A ramble by the lake from Chillon to Villeneuve—a quiet district very dear to Byron and Shelley—takes us within sight of *Bonnivard's*

. . . little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.

And then, taking a little boat, travel westward along the south side of the lake, to MEILLERIE, so familiar to us as a frequent scene in *Julie*. Here it was that Byron nearly lost his life in the oft-described storm. We will tarry a moment on the famous rocks, and will there, like Rogers, take a retrospective view of the opposite shore, and there . . . disband. Rogers has, in his "Italy," a set of stanzas specially devoted to Meillerie, commencing—

These grey majestic cliffs that tower to heaven
These glimmering glades and open chestnut-groves—

in which lines he—

. surveys the lake
Blue as a sapphire-stone and richly set
With chateaux, villages, and village-spires,
Orchards and vineyards, Alps and Alpine snows—

and comes to the conclusion,

Here would I dwell, forgetting and forgot.

Here, at Meillerie, must end our fancied tour or pilgrimage; and, as we quit these classic shores, we cast one farewell, love-sick glance across the blue expanse that forms this wondrous inland sea of tide* and stream: a sea as rich in legend as in poetry—for was it not a lovely nymph (her home, below the Lemman lake) that formed Geneva in a single hour?—and, with the picture, with the very scene before us, which inspired the tuneful poet, we repeat our Thomas Moore's immortal ballad, "Love and Hope"—that ballad, shaped, I like to think, of Lemman Lake's own beauteous ripples, as a chaste and graceful setting to a chance-culled gem from Switzerland's exhaustless jewel-mine of patriotic music.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

* The irregularly occurring *seiche*, as well as the annual rise and fall.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And toward the maiden moves !
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea ;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd,
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain ;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er,
Love never came again !





DEATH, THE LIBERATOR.

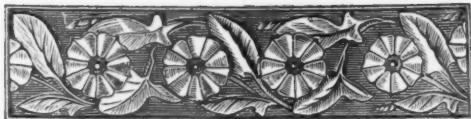
BY JAMES BERTRAM OLDHAM.

"Omnium rerum mors est extremum."—*Cicero*, Ep. ad Fam. 6. 21.

DEATH terrible? Ah, no! Who would forego,
Of his own choice, the fated final chance,
Foredoomed forever through life's slow advance,
That death might sometime end his weight of woe?
To close one's eyes, and feel life overflow
So gently out of earthly cognizance,
To loose this weary coil of circumstance
From off one's shoulders, and so sleep! Ah, no!

'Tis life is terrible, and not the death
That ends life's terror, joy and hate and love,
And all the pain that our existence brings.
Life is a soul imprisoned in a breath;
Death is to be released, to pass above,
Absorbed within the universe of things.





INDEX.

- Adullam, Cave of. 188.
Alexandria, Visit to. 328.
Allerthorpe Hall. 280.
Artingstall (W.). Reminiscences of a Trip to the East. 324.
Axon (W. E. A.). The Wood. 295.
Axon (W. E. A.). Wordsworth in London. 310.
Barber, My. By W. R. Credland. 186.
Bateman (C. T. Tallent-). Lake Leman and English Literature. 356.
Beauty, Subjective Theory of. 250.
Beggars, Wordsworth on. 314.
Bible, Poetry of the. 45.
Bit of Family History. By W. I. Wild. 60.
Books for General Readers. By A. Ireland. 113.
Bradley (F. E.). Shall I say "Yes"? 86.
Browning's Last Volume, On a First Reading of. By J. Oscar Parker. 160.
Browning's Sonnets. 148.
Burke's Definition of Beauty. 250.
Cairo, Visit to. 331.
Cave of Adullam. 188.
Chester and Liverpool in their Ancient Commercial Relations. By Sir J. A. Ploton. 78.
Christmas Symposium: Literature and Politics. 97.
Common Field System, Relics of the. 10.
Constantinople, Visit to. 343.
Credland (W. R.). My Barber. 186.
Crofton (H. T.). Relics of the Common Field System. 10.
Cruikshank, Early Work of. By H. Thorner. 201.
Daisies, December. 38.
Death, the Liberator. By J. B. Oldham. 381.
December Daisies. By J. Mortimer. 38.
Devil's Well. By R. Hooke. 219.
Easdale Tarn. By Ward Heys. 112.
English Literature, Lake Leman and. 356.
Family History, A Bit of. 60.
Friends in Jotunheim. By C. E. Tyrer. 162.
General Reader. By J. B. Oldham. 147.
Gorman's Well. By R. Hooke. 183.
Hand-shakes. By W. I. Wild. 268.
Heys (W.). Easdale Tarn. 112.
History, A Bit of Family. 60.
Hooke (R.). Devil's Well. 219.
Hooke (R.). Gorman's Well. 183.
Howorth (H. H.). Pythagoras and India. 225.
India, Pythagoras and. 225.
Ireland (A.). Books for General Readers. 113.
Jotunheim, Friends in. 162.
Kay (T.). An Impression of Niagara. 1.
Kay (T.). Potsherd from Palestine. 189.
Kirklington. 288.
Lake Leman and English Literature. By C. T. Tallent-Bateman. 356.

- Literature and Politics: A Christmas Symposium. 97.
- Literature, Lake Leman and English. 356.
- Liverpool and Chester. 78.
- London, Wordsworth in. 310.
- Maiden Bower. 284.
- Manchester, Peterloo. 200.
- Manchester, Relics of the Common Field System. 10.
- Milner (G.). H. S. Sutton's Poems. 72.
- Mortimer (J.). By the Swale. 276.
- Mortimer (J.). December Daisies. 33.
- Mortimer (J.). Wordsworth on Beggars. 314.
- Niagara, An Impression of. By T. Kay. 1.
- Nodal (J. H.). Recent Work on Wordsworth. 297.
- O'Connor (W. A.). Poetry of the Bible. 45.
- Oldham (J. B.). Death the Liberator. 381.
- Oldham (J. B.). General Reader. 147.
- Omulewski, Imitation from. By W. E. A. Axon. 295.
- On Hand-Shakes. 268.
- Palestine, Potosherd from. By T. Kay. 189.
- Parker (J. Oscar). Browning's Last Volume. 160.
- Peterloo, Manchester. 200.
- Picton (Sir J. A.). Chester and Liverpool. 78.
- Poems of H. S. Sutton. 72.
- Poetry:
- Death the Liberator. 381.
- First Reading of Browning's Last Volume. 160.
- General Reader. 147.
- Manchester Literary Club. 108.
- My Barber. 186.
- Shall I say "Yes"? 56.
- The Wood. 295.
- Poetry of the Bible. By Rev. W. A. O'Connor. 45.
- Politics, Literature and: A Christmas Symposium. 97.
- Potosherd from Palestine. By T. Kay. 189.
- Pythagoras and India. By H. H. Howorth. 225.
- Reader, The General. 147.
- Relics of the Common Field System. 10.
- Reminiscences of a Trip to the East. By W. Artingstall. 324.
- Sagar (B.). Browning's Sonnets. 148.
- Shall I say "Yes"? By F. E. Bradley. 36.
- Sonnets of Robert Browning. By B. Sagar. 148.
- Subjective Theory of Beauty. By R. Barber. 250.
- Sutton (H. S.) on the Daisy. 75.
- Sutton's (H. S.) Poems. By G. Milner. 72.
- Swale, By the. By John Mortimer. 276.
- Tallent-Bateman (C. T.). Lake Leman and English Literature. 356.
- Thorner (H.). Early Work of George Cruikshank. 201.
- Turner, Comparison with Wordsworth. 307.
- Tyrer (C. E.). Friends in Jotunheim. 162.
- Well Legends:
- Devil's Well. 219.
- Gorman's Well. 183.
- Wild (W. I.). Bit of Family History. 60.
- Wordsworth, Comparison with Turner. 307.
- Wordsworth in London. By W. E. A. Axon. 310.
- Wordsworth on Beggars. By J. Mortimer. 314.
- Wordsworth, Recent Work on. By J. H. Nodal. 297.
- Wordsworth's Place among Poets. 315.



OLLIVANT & BOTSFORD,

2, Exchange Street, Manchester.

**Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, Jewellers,
WATCHMAKERS.**

Minute Repeaters, Clock-Watches, Perpetual Calendars, Single and Double Chronographs, and other complicated Watches.

The Highest Class of Finely Adjusted Chronometers, Double Roller Levers, Free Brequet Springs securing perfect time.

SPECIALITY—GOLD KEYLESS CHRONOGRAPH,
registering minutes and seconds, **£20.**

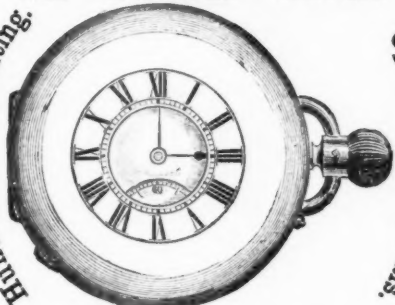
Large Selection of Carriage, Chime, and Quarter Clocks in richly carved and ornamented cases.

Specially *English* Manufactured Keyless Levers, Compensation Balance, Fully Jewelled in heavy case.

THE "RELIABLE" WATCH.

£22.

Hunting, Half Hunting.



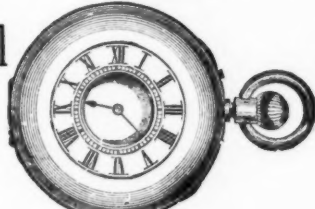
£19.

Open Face, Crystals.

Adapted for rough usage, not liable to derangement in riding or travel. Dust and Damp cannot penetrate.

Ladies' Crystal

£16.



Half Hunter

£19.

Above sent post free on receipt of Cheque or P.O.O.

Elegant Designs in Diamond and Gem Work, and Every Description of Gold Jewellery.

Extensive Stock of Fine Silver and Electro Plate. Special Prices quoted for Presentation Plate.

LADIES' SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES. FROM £3 GUARANTEED.

FOR DWELLING-HOUSES AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

Equitable

Fire & Accident Offices

Agencies

are specially sought
after and valuable,
on account of the
Bonus System.

For terms apply
to the Head Office or
any of the Branches.

HEAD OFFICE:

11 & 13, ST. ANN ST., MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:

LONDON 69, Lombard Street, E.C.
GLASGOW 101, St. Vincent Street.
BIRMINGHAM.. Midland Buildings, 2, New St.
LIVERPOOL..... 11, Tithebarn Street.
NEWCASTLE 1, St. Nicholas Buildings.
BELFAST..... 6, Royal Avenue.
DUBLIN..... 18, Dame Street.

Special Feature.

ONE PREMIUM RETURNED
every FIFTH YEAR to those
who have made no Claim.

Financial Position.

	FIRE CO.	ACCIDENT CO.
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED	£283,335	£142,175
CAPITAL PAID UP	52,667	28,435
ANNUAL INCOME	88,943	21,264
FUNDS & INVESTMENTS	96,969	36,528

THE EQUITABLE GUARANTEE & ACCIDENT Co.,
LIMITED.

FOR ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS.

